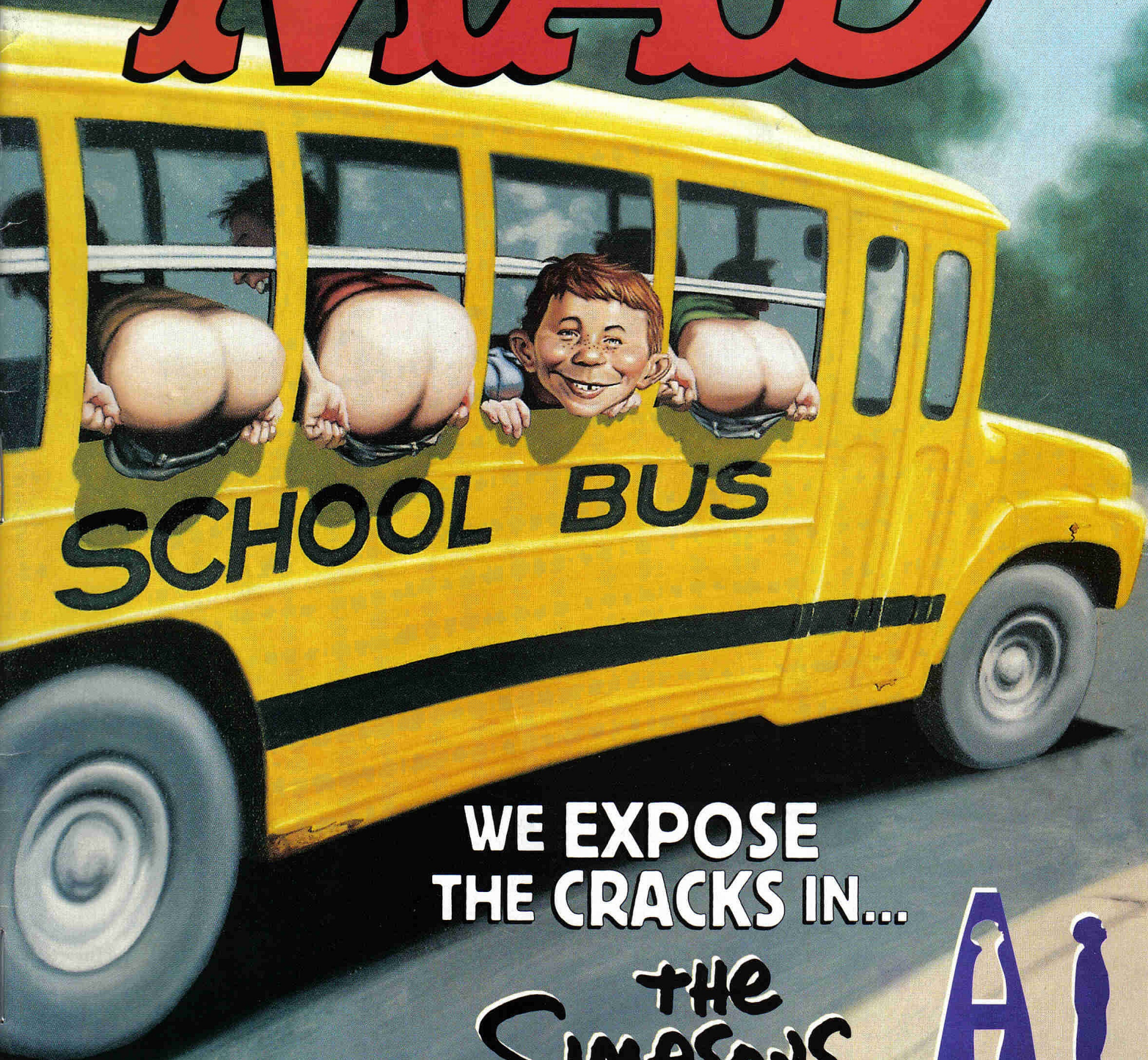


BACKS TO SCHOOL ISSUE!

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THE CRACKS IN...

the
SIMPSONS

A.I.

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RAIDER

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UNITED STATES

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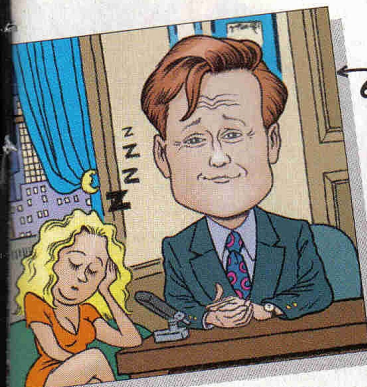
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"Every dog has its day—
but that day still consists largely
of sniffing butts!"

FRONT COVER ARTIST:
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28

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

1978

Satan gives
Kenny G
his first
saxophone

1491

Poets pressure
Columbus not to
sail the ocean blue
until next year

1973

Study shows
eyes not
really windows
to anything

1984

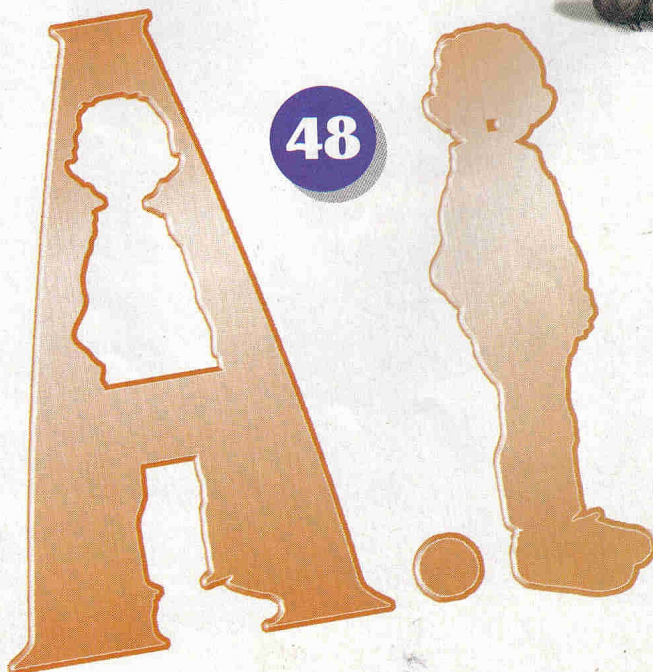
Donny and
Marie Osmond
divorce

1938

Popularity of bowling
soars when bow and arrow
is replaced by ball



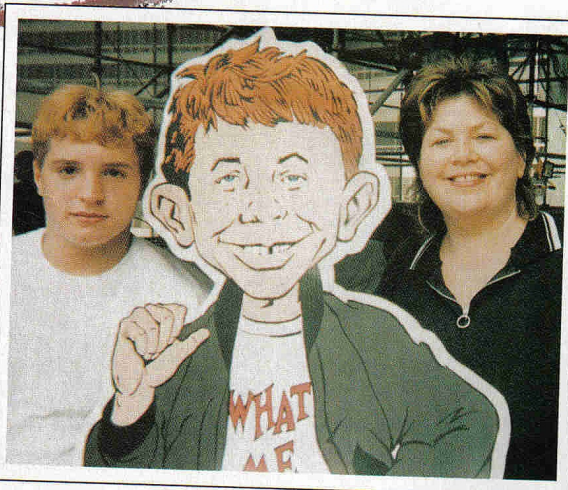
48





ALFRED E. NEUMAN LOOK-ALIKE CONTEST

Back in MAD #338 we ran an article entitled "You're a Winner and a Loser," and there is no better example of being a winner *and* a loser than when you claim first and second prizes in the Toyota Comedy Festival's Alfred E. Neuman look-a-like contest, held at the World Trade Center in New York City this past June! The contest attracted an eclectic grouping from all humanity. The "lucky" first place winner was Mike McKenney of Palermo, ME and the runner-up was Mary Sensamici of the Bronx, NY. Congrats to all who participated in the contest and didn't win!



Winner Mike McKenney and runner-up Mary Sensamici congregate around their lifeguard in their genetic pool



Anxious Alfred E. Neuman contestants strut their stuff for the judges

THE ANSWER MAD

THE FASTEST ROUTE TO THE HAMPTONS — HOT DEALS ON A BIKINI WAX

NEW YORK
BRAVE



I was expecting an interesting look into other couples' screwed-up lives ("Fights and the City" June 11). The reality of it was that it was a truthful, funny and accurate look into my own life! My boyfriend and I have had almost every single one of those fights at least once, but now I know that we are just the normal Average New York City couple. Thank God!

L.O., New York, NY

Yes! We're back with the latest installment of our ever-popular feature where we take letters written to other magazines and write our own unique responses! This month features a missive from *New York* magazine's July 9, 2001 issue:

L.O.: So you think you are a normal couple? Here are things that *real* New York City couples fight about:

- * Which one of you will get out of bed at 2 am to scream at two drunks hanging outside of your door to shut the #@%\$ up?
- * That thing on your shoe, is it from a dog or a human?
- * Which should we rent, *Shakespeare In Love* or *Coeds Who Want It Bad VI*?
- * In the hamper or on the floor — what's the difference?
- * Giuliani — Goon or God?
- * *The Full Monty* — "let's go" or "\$180 to watch a bunch of naked guys dancing on a stage?"

* Guy in the subway car — just sleeping or dead?

* Farting in bed — Nothing freakin' wrong with it or disgusting?

HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence
To: MAD, Dept. 410, 1700
Broadway, New York, New York
10019. MAD welcomes reader
submissions. Manuscripts will not
be returned or acknowledged,
however, unless they are accom-
panied by a self-addressed,
stamped envelope! MAD doesn't
read faxed submissions!

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

As I'm writing to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*, a tear runs down my face because I'm writing from the heart. My dumb wish is that Alfred E. Neuman would come to my house. Every month I see him on the cover of MAD with that same grin on his face. I look up to him, he is my idol, and if I could meet him, it would be the happiest moment of my life.

Mark Colbenson, Boulder, CO

Marky Mark — As you know, it is the sole and supreme mission of the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* to bring joy, happiness and fulfillment to a wisher's life. Sadly, after reading your letter, we find that we will not be able to bring joy, happiness and fulfillment to your life until such time that you get one! If it's any consolation to you, after our tireless staff read your letter, tears were running down our faces — from gleeful, mocking laughter! Your interest in the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* is greatly appreciated. Thanks for writing! —Ed.

GEEK LITERATURE PART DEUX

Like Dr. Scott Miller, author of a letter in your latest issue ("Geek Literature," MAD #407), I am a fancier of both classical literature and your enlightening publication. With equal delight and enthusiasm, I have read large portions of the *Iliad* in my high school Greek classes and remind Dr. Miller that Hecuba was Hector's mother, *not* his wife (Andromache). So, to the many MAD readers who recoiled at this published blunder, rest assured that there will always be the vigilant among us ready to assure MAD's commitment to representing the truth!

Mark Meany, M.D., Hagerstown, MD

Dr. Marky Mark — Being a letter fancier, we reviewed yours with much interest and only one question remains: WHO THE HECTOR CARES?? We thought old Mark Colbenson, who asked the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* to send Alfred E. Neuman to his house didn't have a life. Boy, were we wrong! Compared to you, Mark C. is a 24/7 party animal — he would sit at the right hand of Dionysus, famed mythical character who slept with his mother and then flew too close to the sun, only to rise up again from the ashes as a swan. Thanks for writing, Greek boy! —Ed. Son of Agun, the God of the Letters Page.

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MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Well lookkee here! Two lucky MAD readers have just been voted three-year subscriptions. The Ed. has spoken!

I heard yer whinin' a couple issues back when a reader had their picture taken with Richard Hatch. You guys want female Survivors? Ask and ye shall receive. I got one picture with Tina and one with Kimmi (mmmmm...) It didn't occur to me until just now to get a shot of both of them together (in which case I would've gotten a lifetime subscription, right?) Tina wanted to know if SHE would get a subscription as well. I gently reminded her that with the million dollars she won, she could buy much softer toilet paper. Which reminds me...I'm on a budget, so whaddaya say you start that subscription pronto?

Thierrion Kagan, West Hollywood, CA

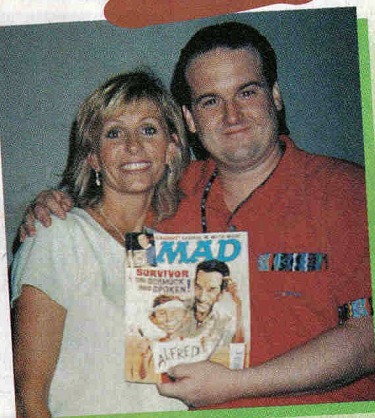


I got this picture with Michael Skupin from *Survivor 2* at the Third Street promenade in Santa Monica, CA. He was with his wife who was shopping for a dress for an awards show. He was really nice and I have wanted a subscription to MAD, but never had time to send it!

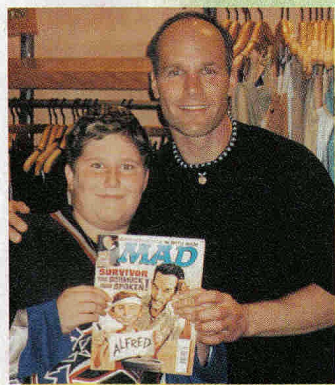
Griffin Littell, Santa Monica, CA

MAD CEMETERY SNAPS

We are proud, but somewhat hesitant, to introduce a new feature to our humble Letters Page. A sister to our hugely popular Celebrity Snaps feature, it's a little something we like to call Cemetery Snaps! Here's how it works: send us a photo of you with a copy of MAD standing next to the tombstone (or plaque if they've been cremated) of a famous person. The name of the person and the date of birth and death must be clearly legible. Tightly cropped shots are preferred. If we run your picture, we'll send you a one-year sub. However, if the person whose grave it is featured in the issue you're holding, we'll cough it up to three years! So all you ghoulish geeks, here's your chance to score big and show disrespect to our dearly departed. Enjoy!



Survivor 2 winner Tina Wesson and Thierrion



Griffin Littell and Michael Skupin



MAD MUMBLINGS @madmag.com

Mousepads taste like sponge cake, but only when I say! —Goodbick... the secret is in the sauce —Roneldo ...What's the proper burial for a Hershey's Bar? —JQ...I got lost between the Last Pages of MAD once —LilSmurf89...Why does a dog stick its head out of the window in a car, but it hates it when you blow in its face? —Hockeefann...I wish I could live in a fairy tale, but I already do —FREEfall72...You know what feels good? Sitting in a spa while goldfish suck on your toes —NoRules487.



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LOTTA CROTCH

The "Tomb Raider" video games were a hit for four reasons: sex, violence, sex and sex! They've been so popular with drooling cyberperverts that it was only a matter of time before tinseltown came a-calling! Lots of actresses were considered for the part of the young female adventurer, but when Angelina Jolie tried on the familiar two-sizes-too-small T-shirt and ultra short shorts worn by the heroine, the producers knew they had found...

My idea of fun is suspending myself upside down from an 80-foot rope with knives and weapons strapped to my thighs, waiting to be attacked! I got the idea during my honeymoon with Billy Bob Thornton and his slingblade!

I'm an Erector set...with attitude! Nothing must harm this tomb! I am programmed...to defend the integrity of this tomb within the Lord Crotch manor... at all costs! Even if it means smashing it...into a million billion pieces!

What was I thinking? My cyber-robot guard almost decapitated my boss! Oh well, I could always land an assistant's job working for David Spade!

Hey, this would make a good middle name!

BAZOOM RAIDER

That robot has Madam in his metallic clutches. I haven't seen Angelina Jolie's limbs so entangled since she took her brother to the Oscars!

This is like a new Indiana Jones movie, only faster-paced and streamlined!

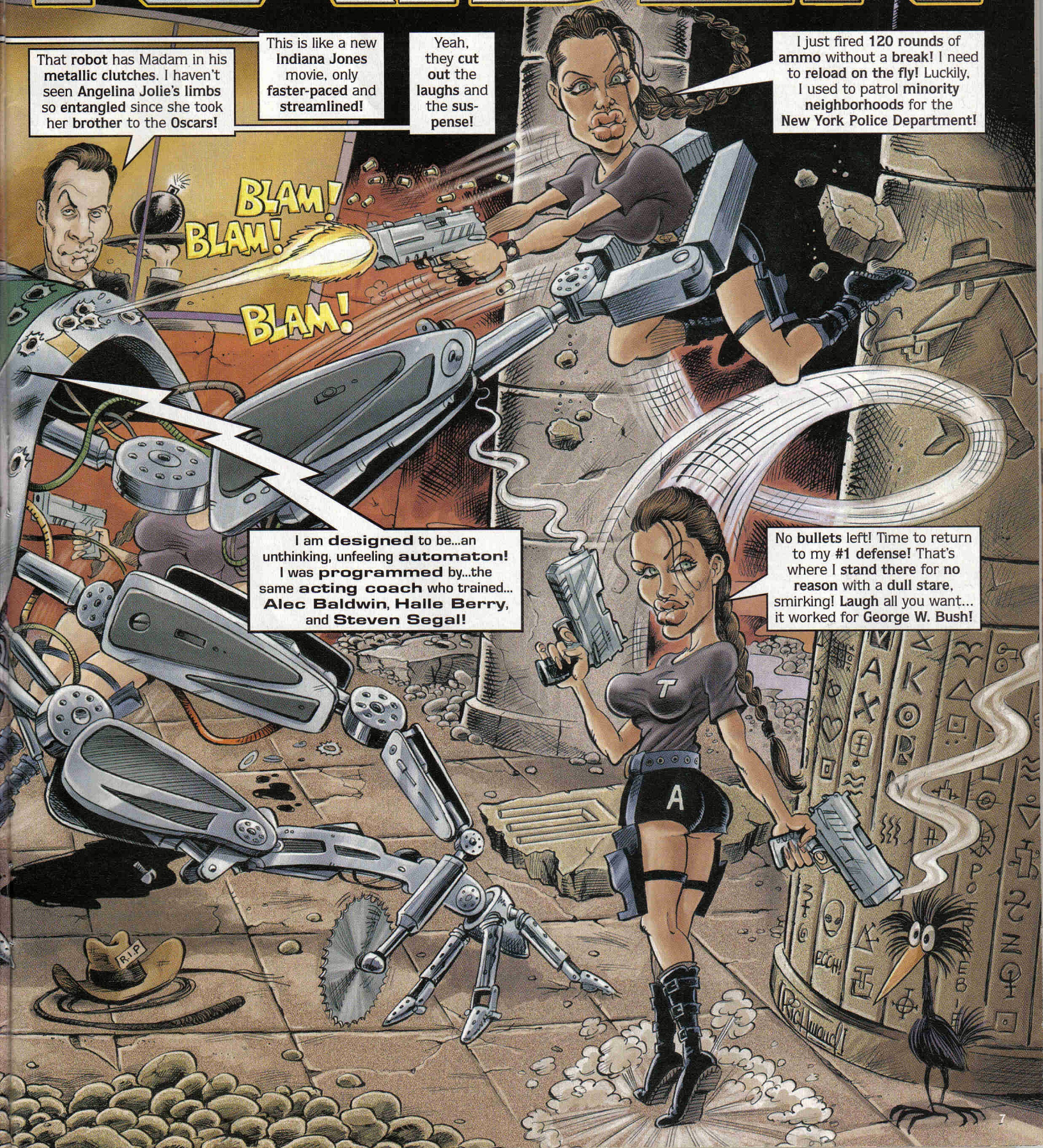
Yeah, they cut out the laughs and the suspense!

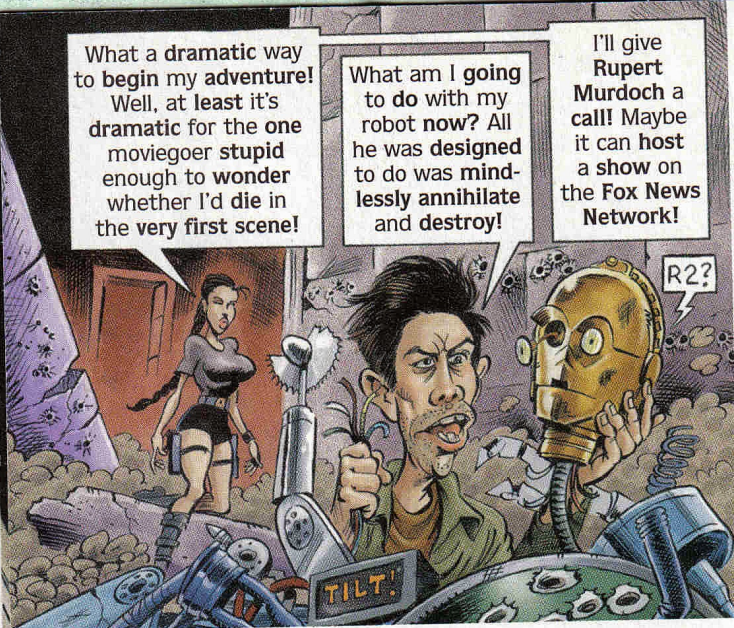
I just fired 120 rounds of ammo without a break! I need to reload on the fly! Luckily, I used to patrol minority neighborhoods for the New York Police Department!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

I am designed to be...an unthinking, unfeeling **automaton**! I was **programmed** by...the same **acting coach** who trained... **Alec Baldwin**, **Halle Berry**, and **Steven Segal**!

No bullets left! Time to return to my #1 defense! That's where I stand there for no reason with a dull stare, smirking! Laugh all you want... it worked for George W. Bush!





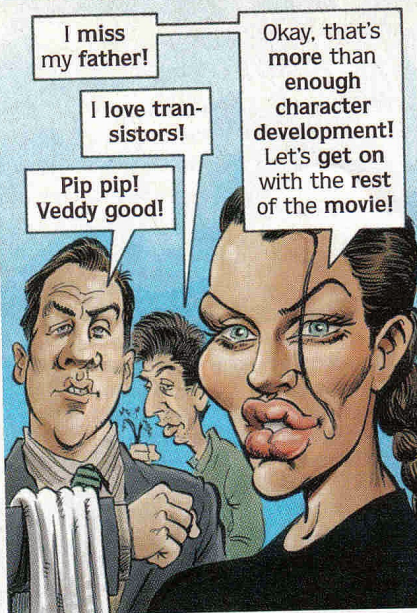
What a dramatic way to begin my adventure! Well, at least it's dramatic for the one moviegoer stupid enough to wonder whether I'd die in the very first scene!

What am I going to do with my robot now? All he was designed to do was mindlessly annihilate and destroy!

I'll give Rupert Murdoch a call! Maybe it can host a show on the Fox News Network!

R2?

TILT!

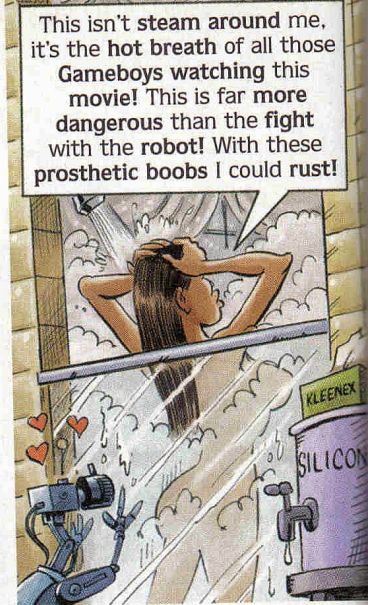


I miss my father!

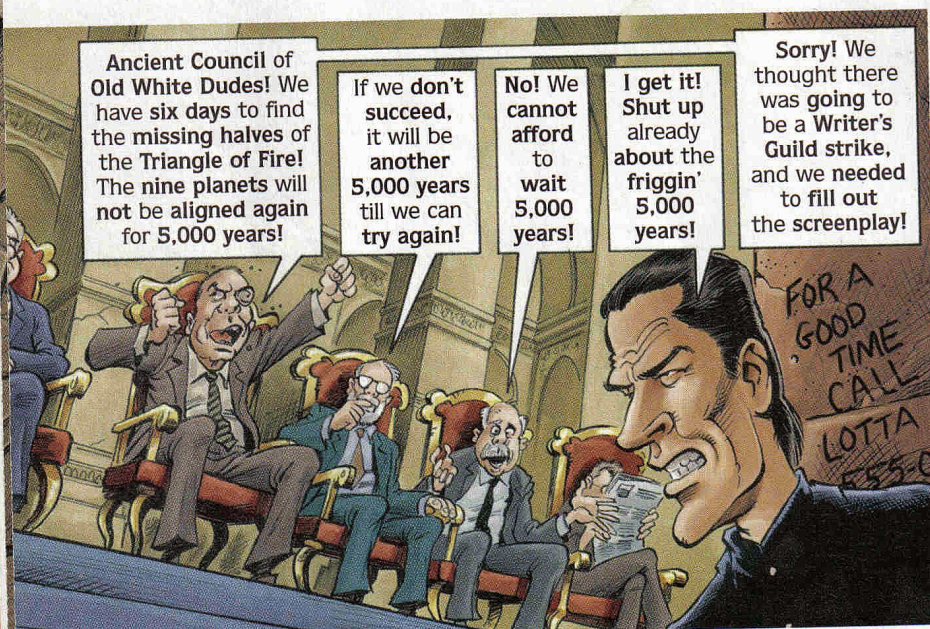
I love transistors!

Pip pip! Veddy good!

Okay, that's more than enough character development! Let's get on with the rest of the movie!



This isn't steam around me, it's the hot breath of all those Gameboys watching this movie! This is far more dangerous than the fight with the robot! With these prosthetic boobs I could rust!



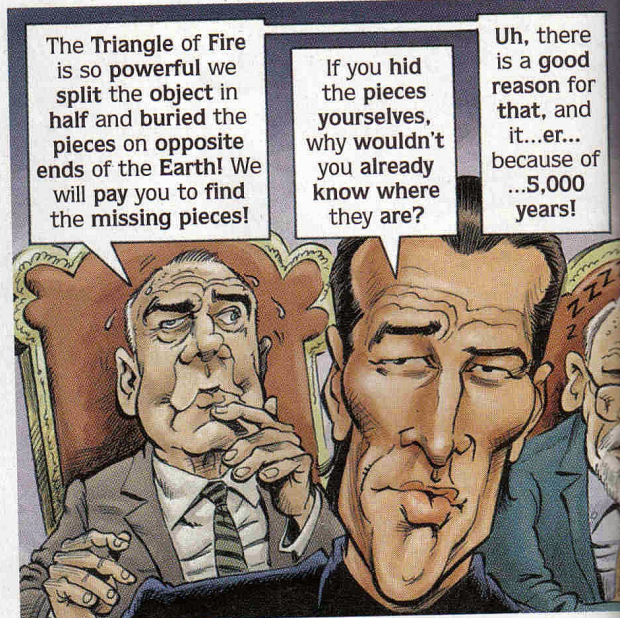
Ancient Council of Old White Dudes! We have six days to find the missing halves of the Triangle of Fire! The nine planets will not be aligned again for 5,000 years!

If we don't succeed, it will be another 5,000 years till we can try again!

No! We cannot afford to wait 5,000 years!

I get it! Shut up already about the friggin' 5,000 years!

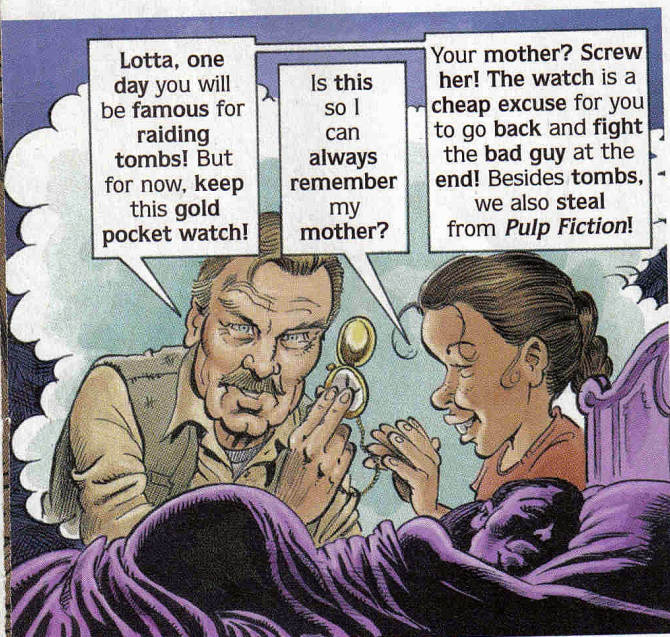
Sorry! We thought there was going to be a Writer's Guild strike, and we needed to fill out the screenplay!



The Triangle of Fire is so powerful we split the object in half and buried the pieces on opposite ends of the Earth! We will pay you to find the missing pieces!

If you hid the pieces yourselves, why wouldn't you already know where they are?

Uh, there is a good reason for that, and it...er... because of ...5,000 years!



Lotta, one day you will be famous for raiding tombs! But for now, keep this gold pocket watch!

Is this so I can always remember my mother?

Your mother? Screw her! The watch is a cheap excuse for you to go back and fight the bad guy at the end! Besides tombs, we also steal from *Pulp Fiction*!



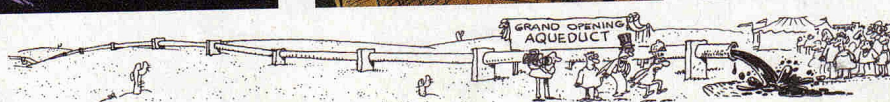
I gotta get my ears checked! In a dead sleep, I can hear a clock ticking downstairs, through an oak door, inside a crate! But in the first scene, I couldn't hear a 25-foot robot behind me until the last second!



This is the Clock of the All-Seeing Eye! It activates the Triangle of Fire, in the Tomb of the Dancing Light! To get there, you need to take the B&O Railroad past the Water Works to Ventnor Avenue!

What?

Sorry! I had your clock sitting on top of my Monopoly game!



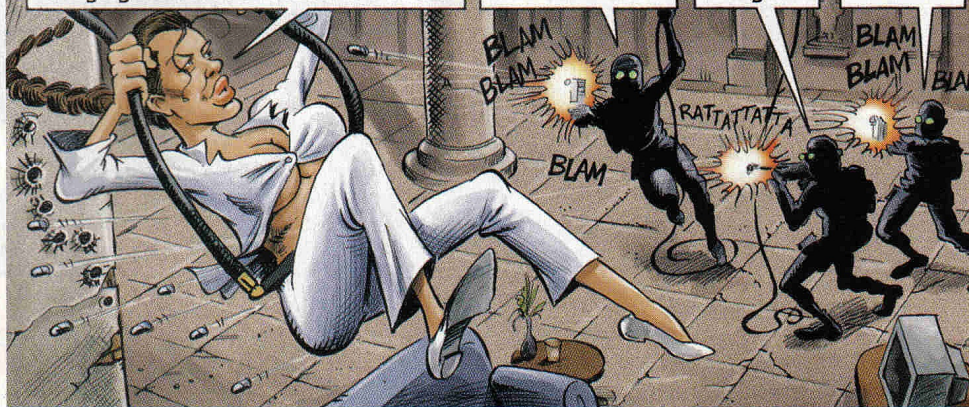


Uh oh! My laser-controlled infra-red motion detector grid says we have company! Bugger! If only I had left the magical clock crated up nobody would have known it was there, and the 5,000-year deadline would have passed! Compared with that coincidence, dodging hundreds of bullets is a cinch!

What she doesn't know is we're missing on purpose! Double D breasts + bungee cord = \$200 million at the box office!

This scene reminds me of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*!

Except this movie should be called "Bouncing Boobies, Rotten Accent"!



The handwriting is from my father, who died in 1986! He must have made arrangements to have this letter delivered today!

Not really! He just licked a stamp and mailed it 15 years ago! After all, we are the Postal Service!



Lotta! I knew you'd solve my dopey mind teaser! Fly to Cambodia and destroy the clock! Why I didn't just destroy it 15 years ago when I had it myself, I can't say! And neither can anyone connected with this movie!



Here it is, just as Father said! The Jasmine flower that marks the tomb's secret entrance! It was easy to find! Flowers always grow where the B.S. is piled the highest!



I've never seen such damage done to our nation's treasures! And that includes being bombed during the Vietnam War!

Well, somebody's got to say it eventually, so I'll just say it! Nice guns!

You can't stop me! I learned how to tomb raid from the very best! Anna Nicole Smith!



The stone monkey statues are coming to life! Do you think they'll kill us?

Not us! They have a score to settle first, with all those pigeons!

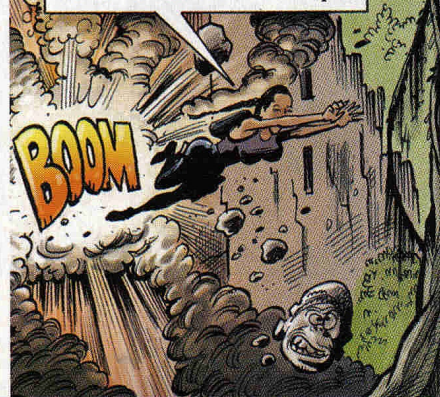


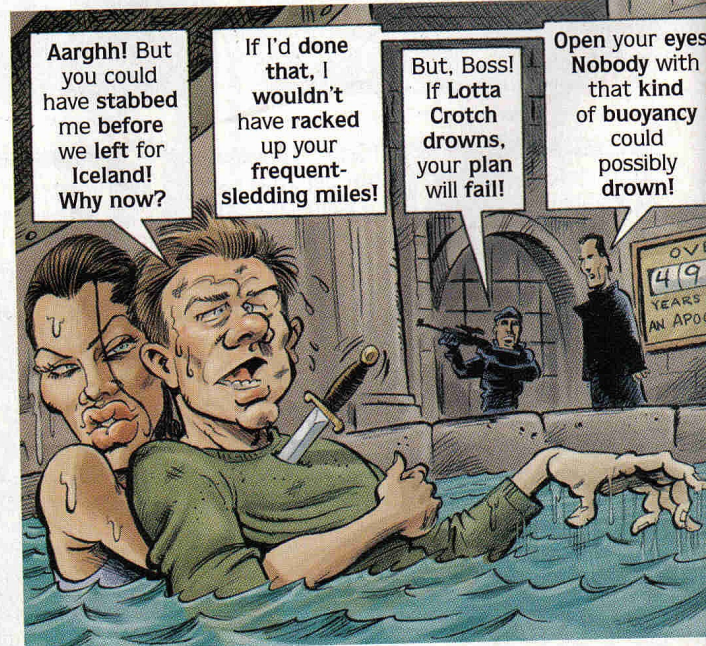
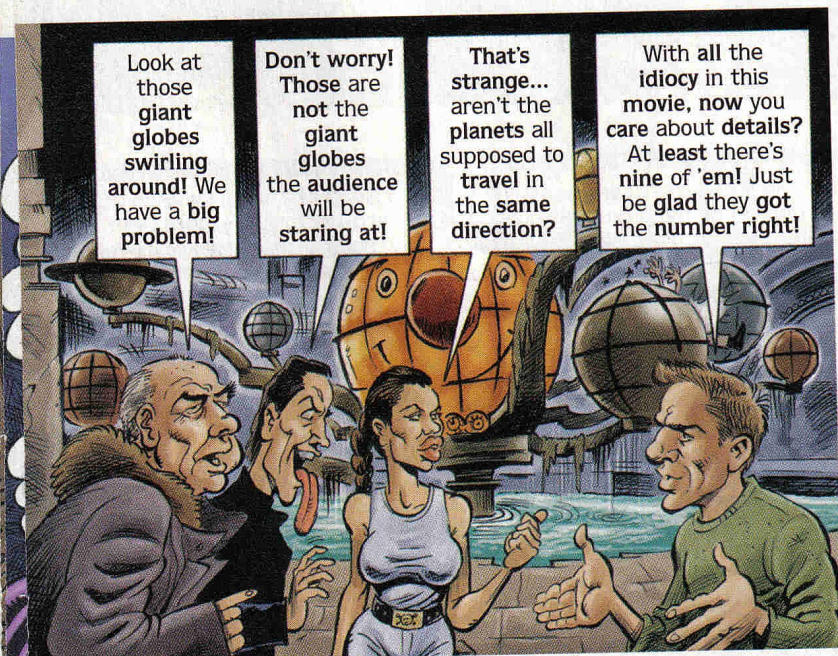
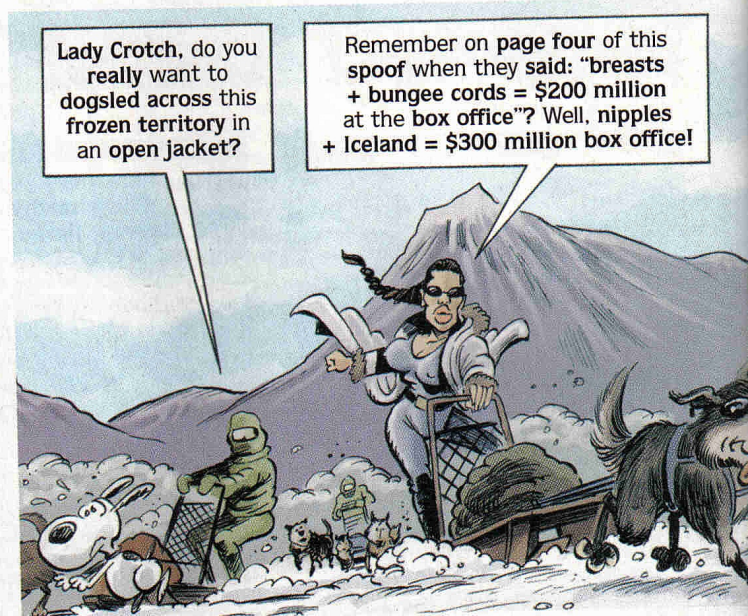
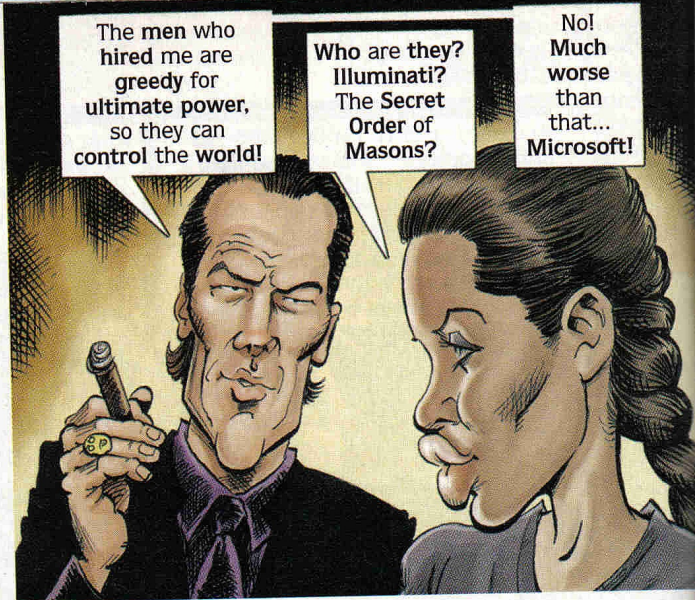
What kind of dumb battle is this? One love tap and they break into dust!

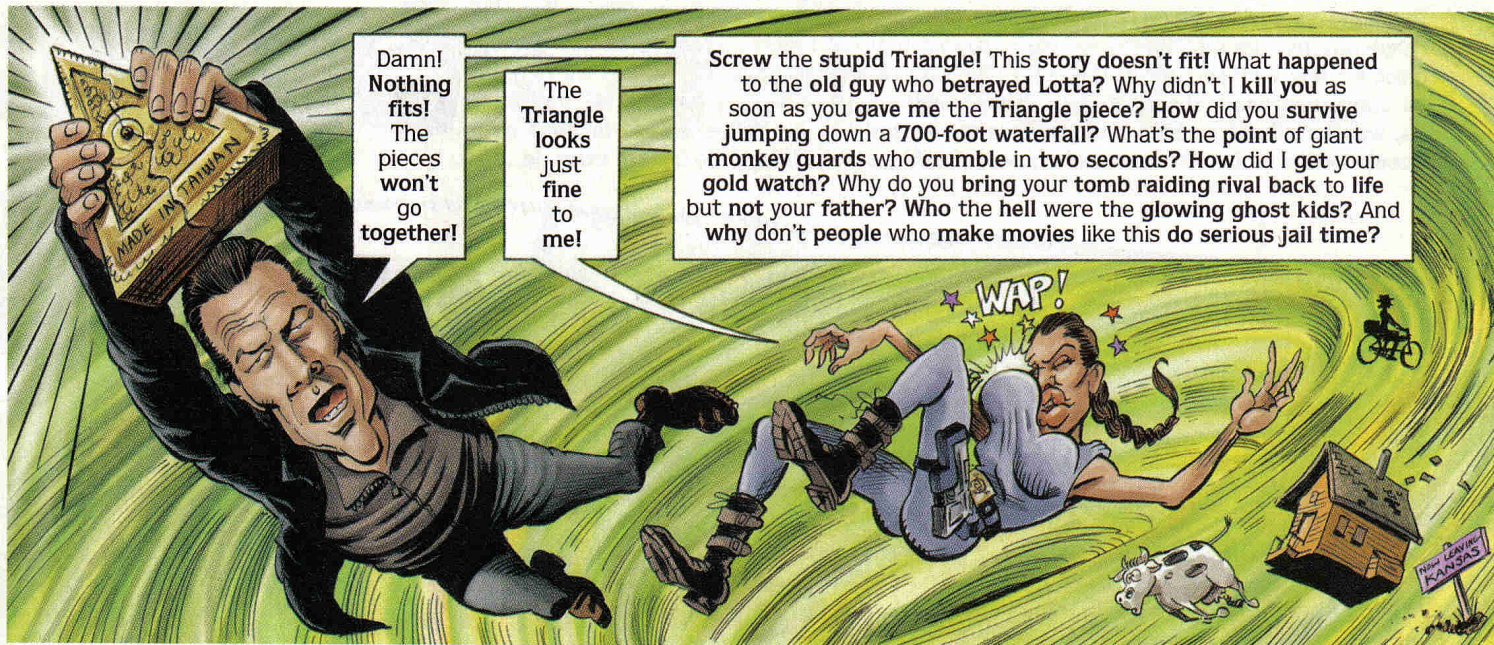
I haven't seen something crumble so fast since the XFL folded!



Bugger! This is the 50th architectural treasure I've helped wreck this year! But that's okay! Instead of crating all this stuff, it's a lot easier to ship priceless relics overseas to museums inside 15,000 little envelopes!







Damn!
Nothing
fits!
The
pieces
won't
go
together!

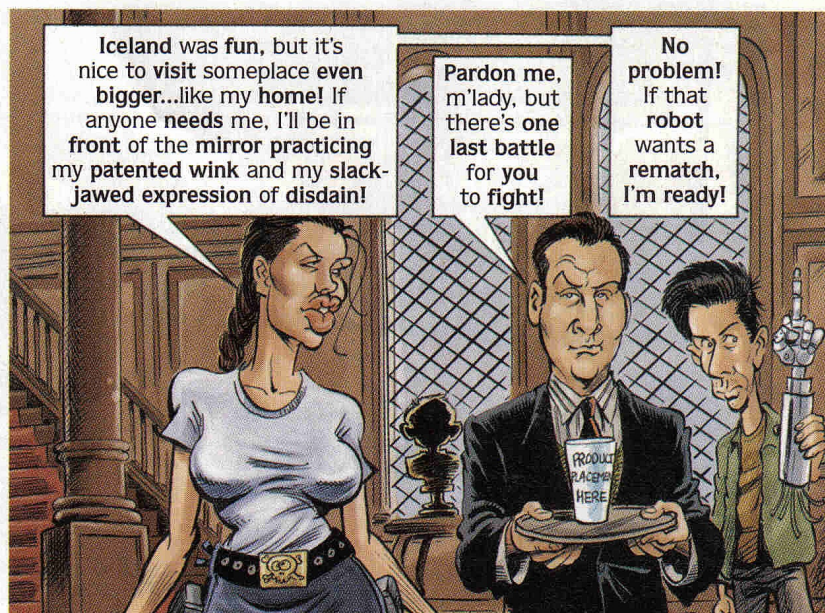
The
Triangle
looks
just
fine
to
me!

Screw the stupid Triangle! This story doesn't fit! What happened to the old guy who betrayed Lotta? Why didn't I kill you as soon as you gave me the Triangle piece? How did you survive jumping down a 700-foot waterfall? What's the point of giant monkey guards who crumble in two seconds? How did I get your gold watch? Why do you bring your tomb raiding rival back to life but not your father? Who the hell were the glowing ghost kids? And why don't people who make movies like this do serious jail time?



My beloved
daughter! If only
we could live in the
past forever!

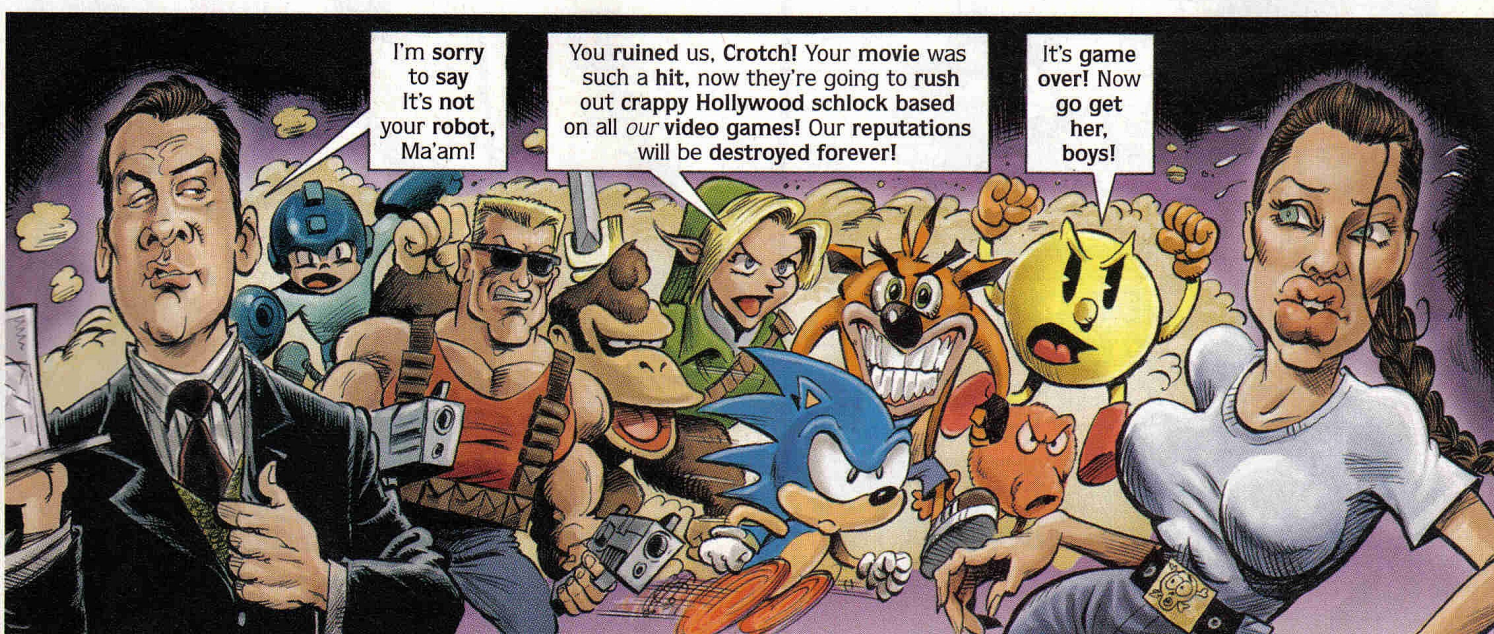
Yeah, back when we were
both legitimate Oscar-
winning actors, instead of
starring in this hokey drivel!



Iceland was fun, but it's
nice to visit someplace even
bigger...like my home! If
anyone needs me, I'll be in
front of the mirror practicing
my patented wink and my slack-
jawed expression of disdain!

Pardon me,
m'lady, but
there's one
last battle
for you
to fight!

No
problem!
If that
robot
wants a
rematch,
I'm ready!



I'm sorry
to say
It's not
your robot,
Ma'am!

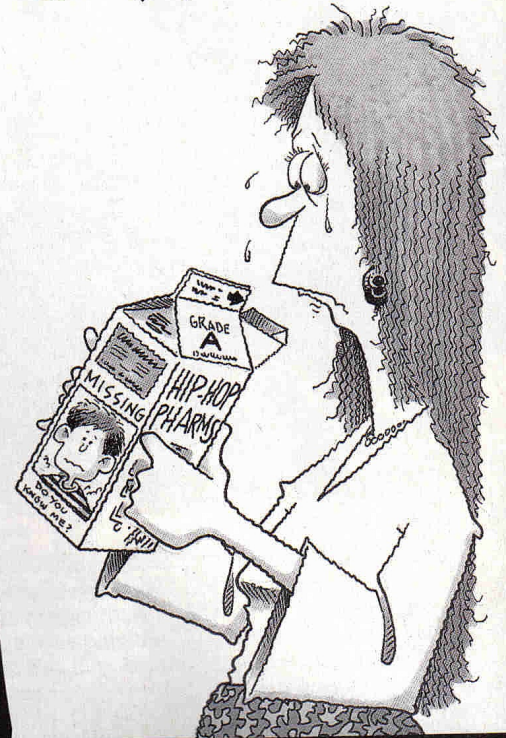
You ruined us, Crotch! Your movie was
such a hit, now they're going to rush
out crappy Hollywood schlock based
on all our video games! Our reputations
will be destroyed forever!

It's game
over! Now
go get
her,
boys!

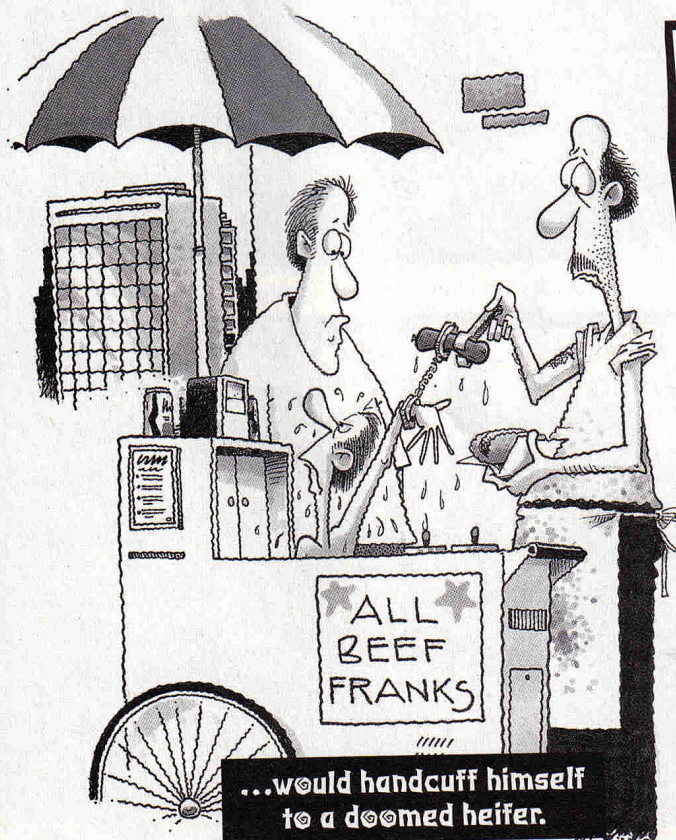


Don't get us wrong, we here at MAD love animals. Animal *lovers*, on the other hand, frequently piss us off. Should we really shed a tear for the executed rat on *Survivor*? Must we feel intense guilt at the mere purchase of a ham sandwich? Should we really be concerned about the rights and living conditions of laboratory paramacia? Pardon us, we don't mean to beat a dead horse (so to speak!), but some wildlife fanciers at People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) just take things too far. For example...

ONLY A



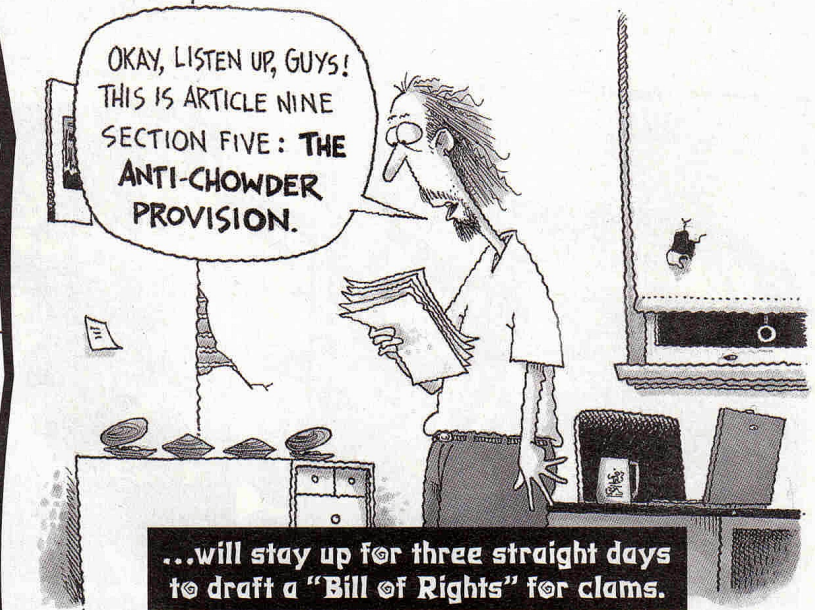
...will fret more about the dairy cow that produced the milk than the missing ten-year-old pictured on the carton.



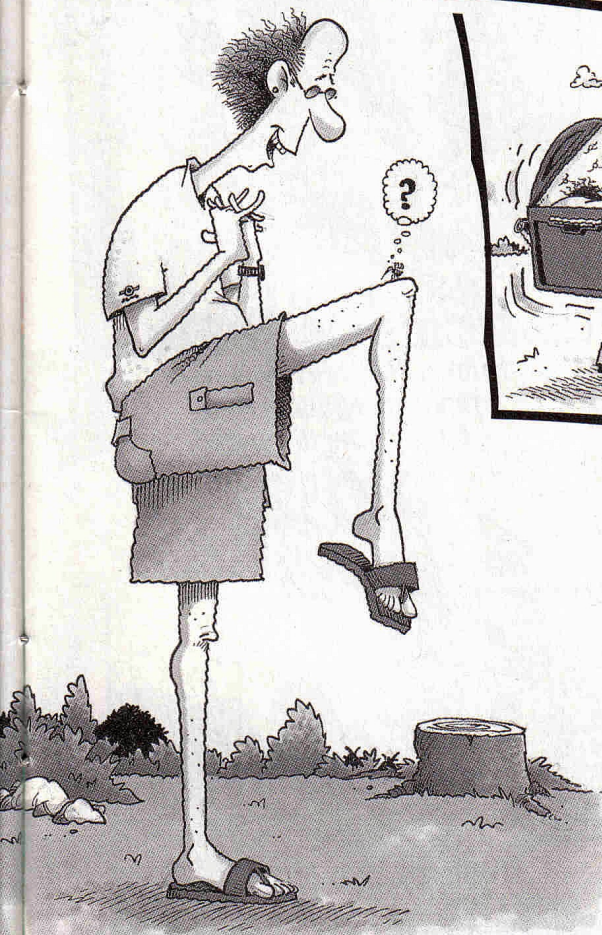
TRUE PETA NUT...



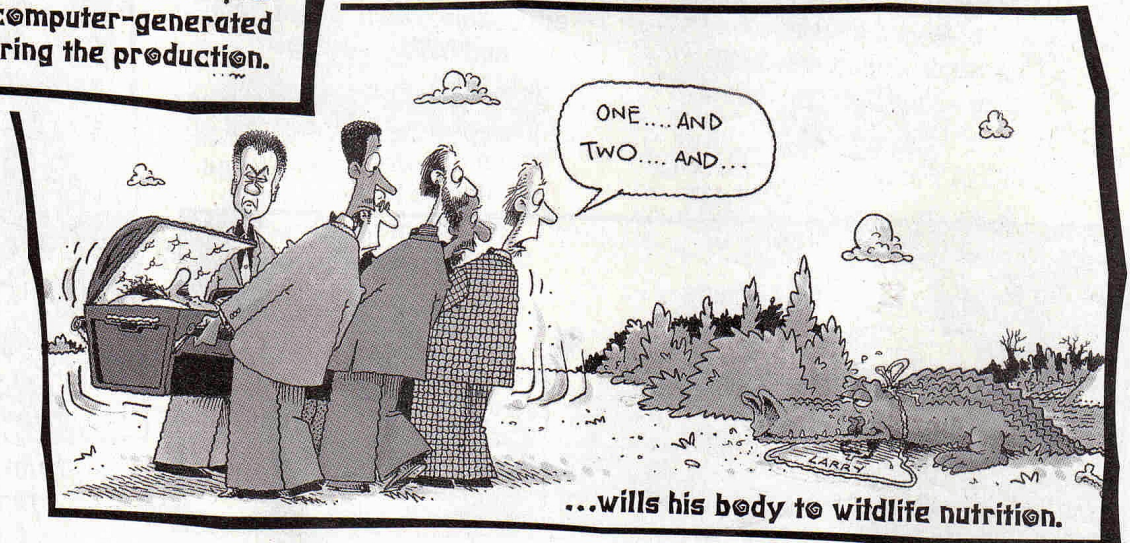
...pickets the set of the latest *Star Wars* sequel until he's convinced that no computer-generated alien wildlife was harmed during the production.



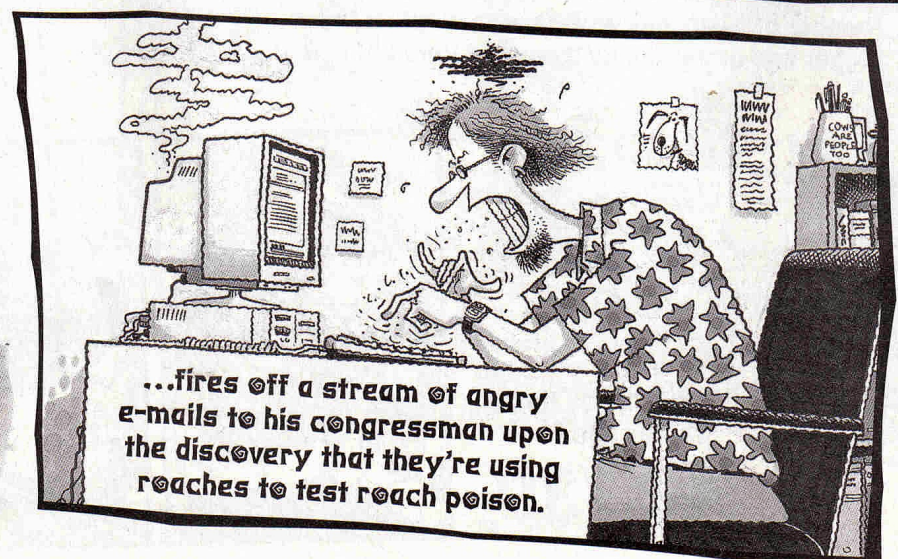
...will stay up for three straight days to draft a "Bill of Rights" for clams.



...will try to reason with a mosquito.



...wills his body to wildlife nutrition.

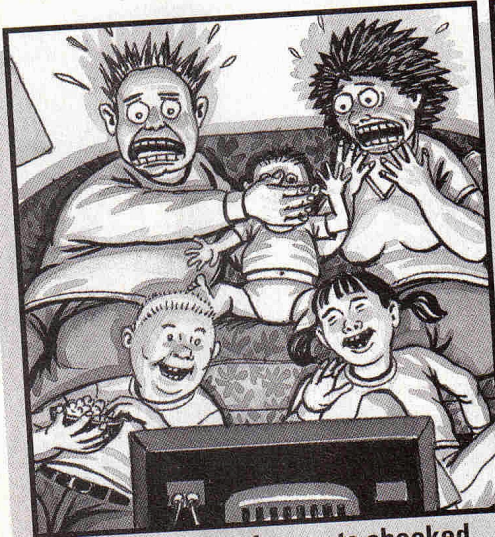


...fires off a stream of angry e-mails to his congressman upon the discovery that they're using roaches to test roach poison.



When a TV show has been on as long as *The Simpsons*, you figure it has achieved certain things. Like *Frasier*, you figure it has a closet full of Emmy awards. But it doesn't. Like *All in the Family*, you figure it has fathered lots of spin-off series featuring characters from the show. But it hasn't. Like *Friends*, you figure the cast regulars must now be making humongous salaries. But they're not! So what can you figure about *The Simpsons*? Only the statistics we've compiled in...

the



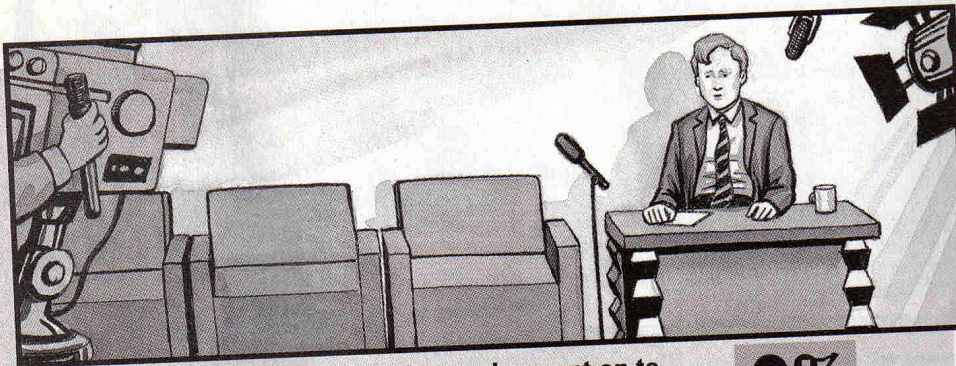
Percentage of parents shocked and outraged by Bart when the show debuted in 1989:

43%



Percentage shocked now, in the era of Tom Green, *South Park* and MTV's *Jackass*:

0.0034%



Number of *Simpsons* writers who went on to bigger and better things (counting Conan O'Brien):

0%



Former *Simpsons* animators rejected by *South Park* for drawing too well:

2,913



Viewers converted to Christianity by Ned Flanders:

2

Viewers converted to alcoholism by Homer, Barney and Moe:

42,739

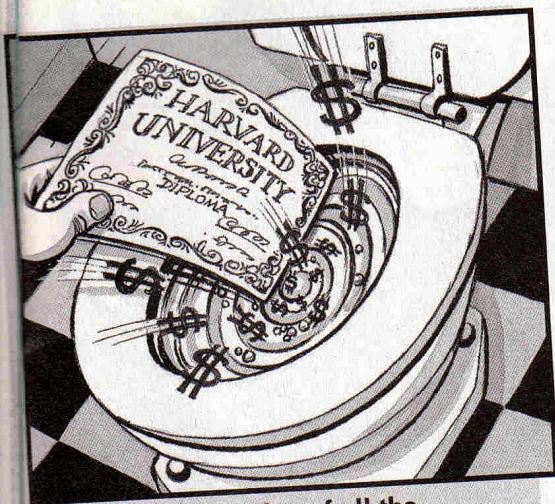


SIMPSONS

BY THE NUMBERS

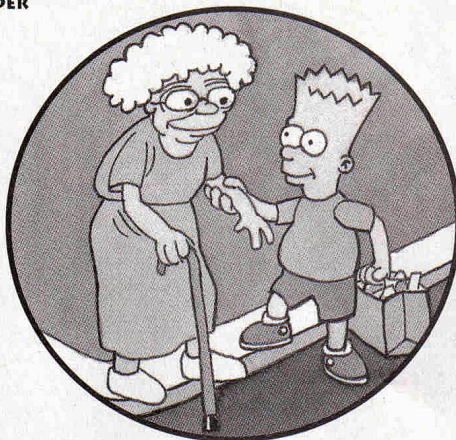
ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



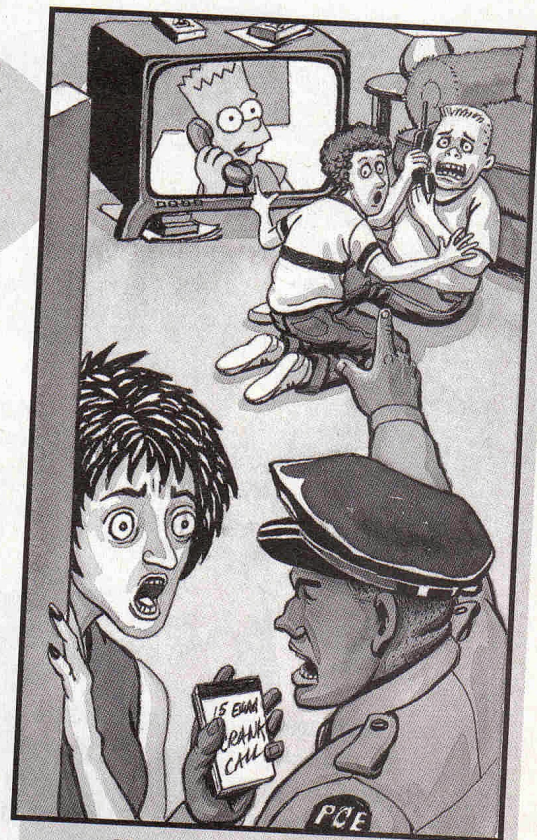
Total value of all the Harvard educations wasted on eventual members of Simpsons writing staff:

\$2.63 billion



Sappy episodes that show Bart's "heart of gold" ordered up by scared network execs with a stack of complaint letters from three Fundamentalists in Iowa:

14



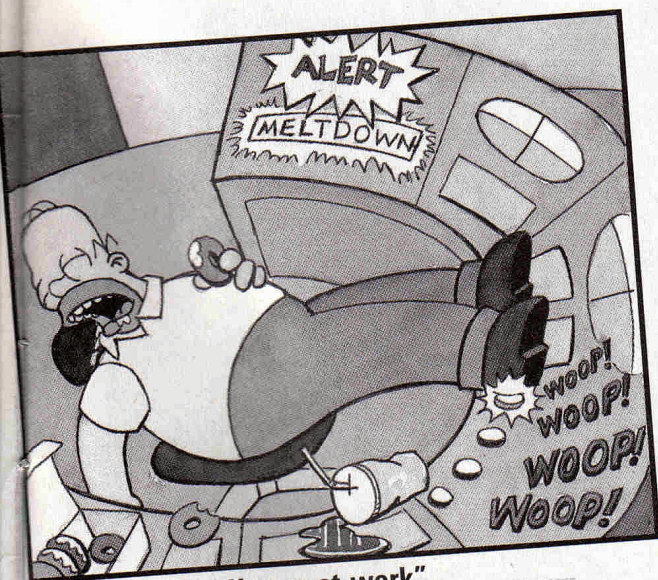
Number of real-life kids imitating Bart's prank phone calls to Moe's Tavern...

...before the advent of CALLER I.D.:

2,430,623

...after the advent of CALLER I.D.:

3



"Bumbling Homer-at-work" episodes that overexaggerate the dangers of nuclear power plants:

0



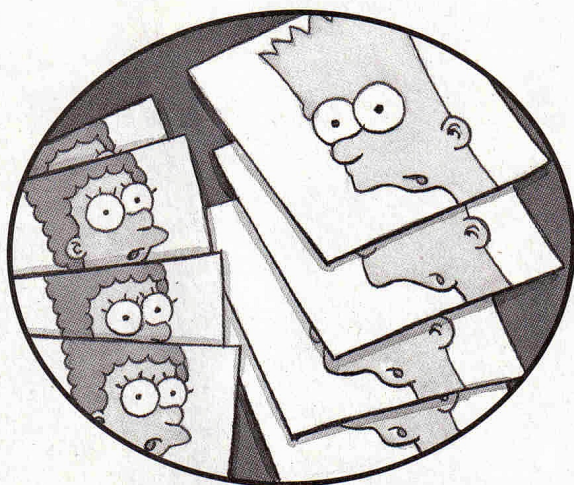
Difference, in level of annoyance, between Simpsons fanatics who've memorized every episode and Trekkies:

0



the SIMPSONS

BY THE NUMBERS



Amount saved by inserting three or four blank stares per episode — just to cut down on the number of different animation cels needed:

\$5.2 million

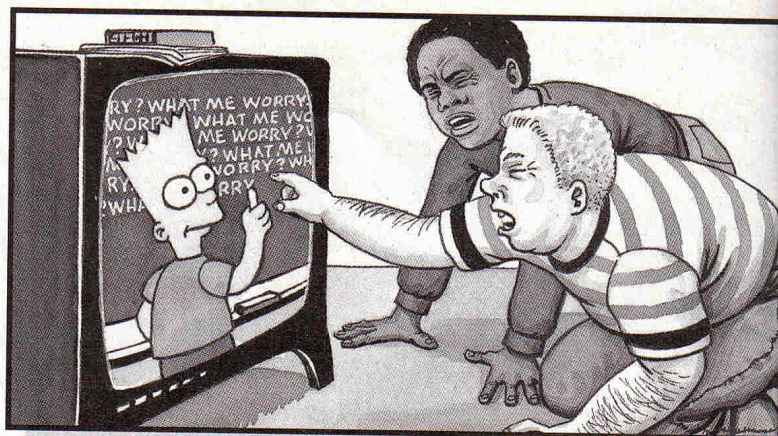


Year that a pudgy, middle-aged Ben Affleck and Kate Hudson will play Homer and Marge in the live-action movie of *The Simpsons*:

2023

Satirical swipes at *MAD*: **42**

Deserved satirical swipes at *MAD*: **42**



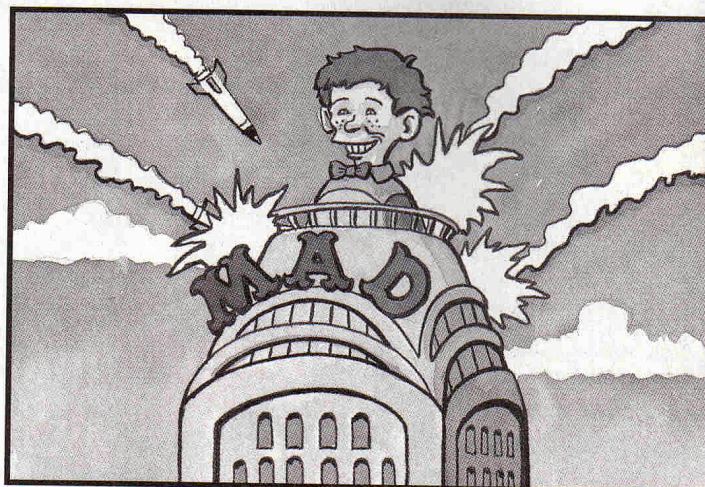
Cases of nearsightedness diagnosed in the last 12 years directly attributable to squinting at all the tiny background gags in *The Simpsons*:

13,498,280



Number of continuing characters: **1,026**

Number of continuing characters worth remembering: **6**





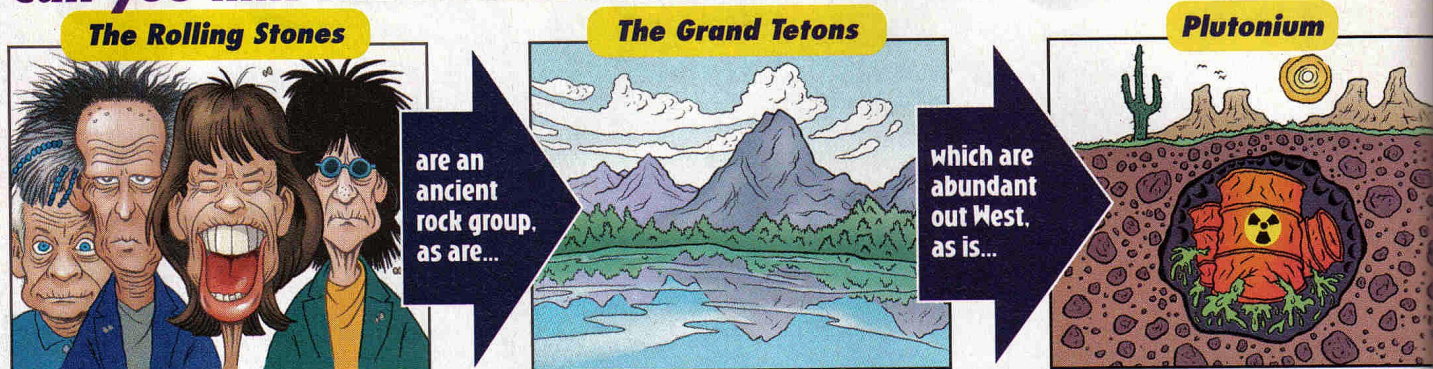
In the words of some Hollywood executive, "You can never have too many sequels!" So here is another installment of our rip-off game of "6 Degrees of Kevin Bacon." And what's the best thing about our little game? You don't need that annoying Kevin Bacon to play it! Here's...

6 DEGREES OF SEPARATION

Can you link GOLF to SHREK?



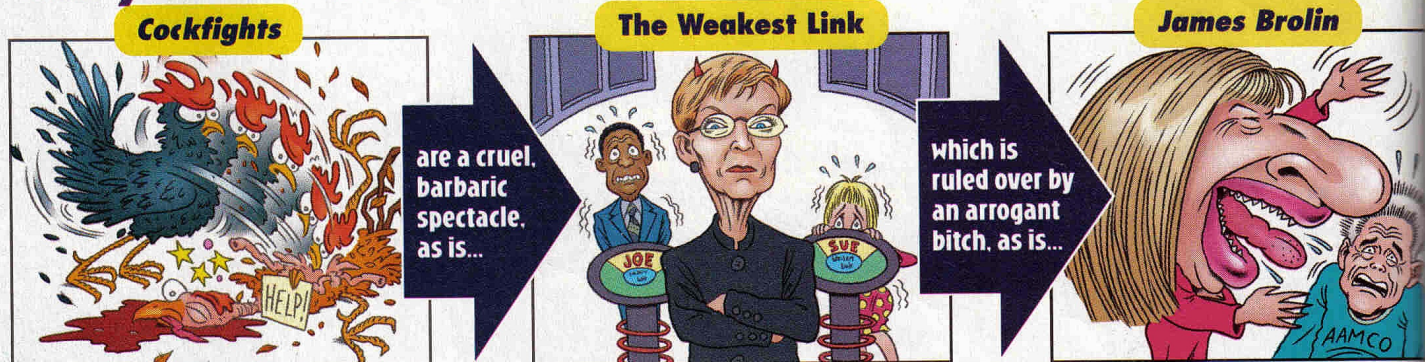
Can you link THE ROLLING STONES to CHARLIE SHEEN?



Can you link OSAMA BIN LADEN to CAMRYN MANHEIM'S THIGHS?



Can you link COCKFIGHTS to AOL?

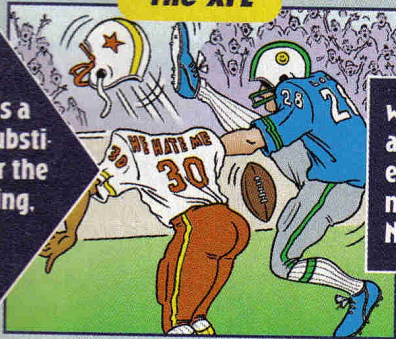


ARTIST: RICK TULK

BETWEEN ANYONE AND ANYTHING **PART VI**

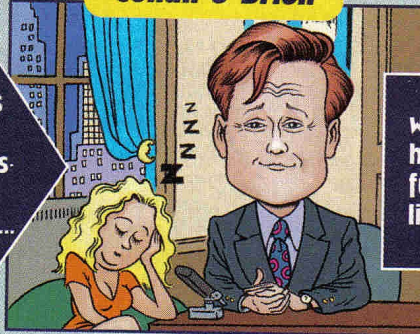
The XFL

which is a poor substitute for the real thing, like...



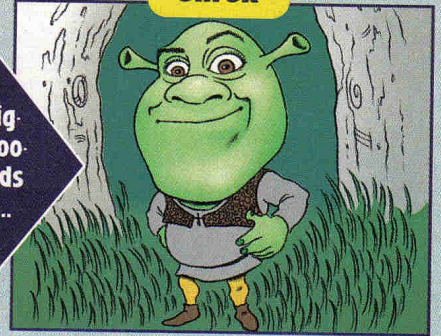
Conan O'Brien

which was a major embarrassment for NBC, as is...



Shrek

who's a big headed doo-fus the kids like, as is...



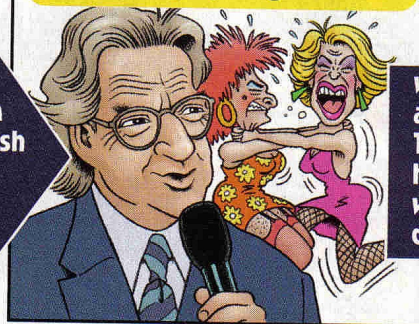
Spam

which has a half-life of 10,000 years, as does...



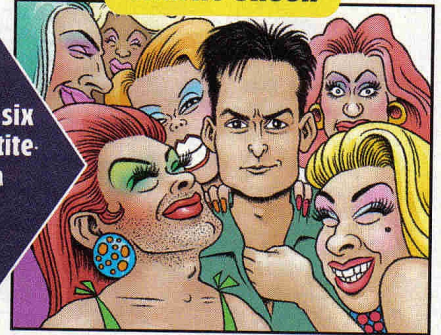
The Jerry Springer Show

which is a trailer trash favorite, like...



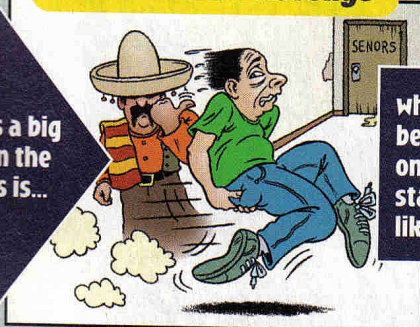
Charlie Sheen

which averages six Transvestite hookers a week, as does...



Montezuma's Revenge

who is a big pain in the ass, as is...



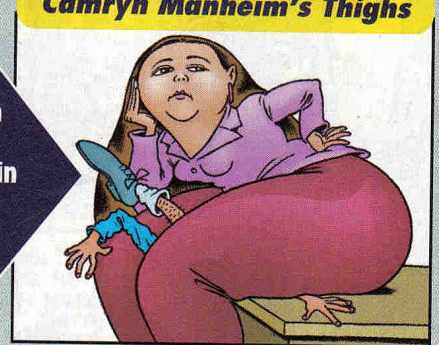
An Avalanche

which can't be stopped once it's started, like...



Camryn Manheim's Thighs

which can crush a man within seconds, as can...



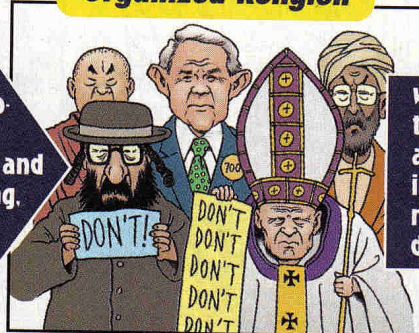
Laura Schlessinger

who played a doctor on TV, as did...



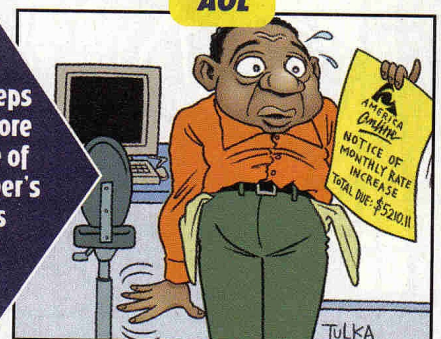
Organized Religion

who disapproves of everyone and everything, as does...



AOL

which keeps taking more and more of its member's money, as does...

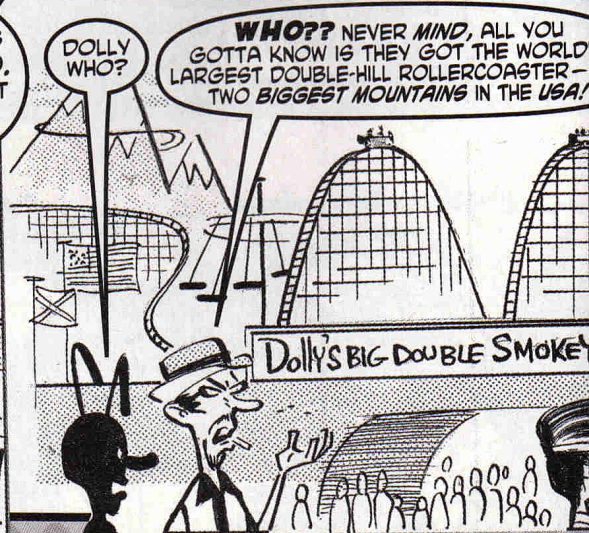
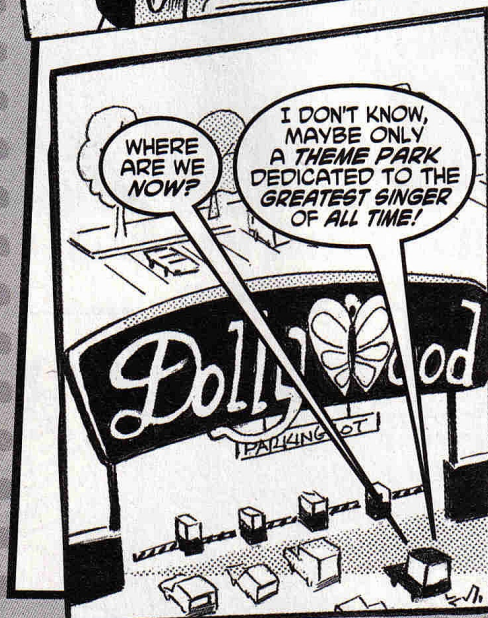
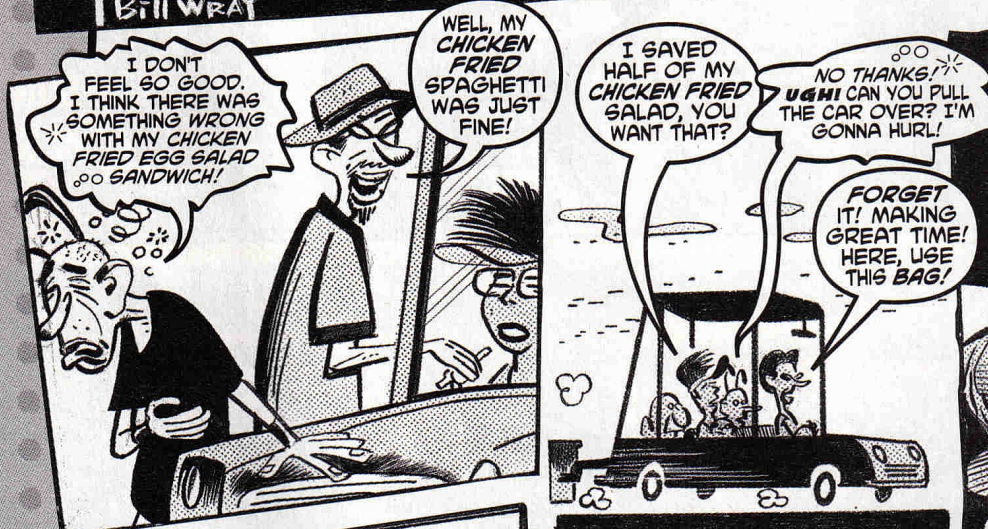
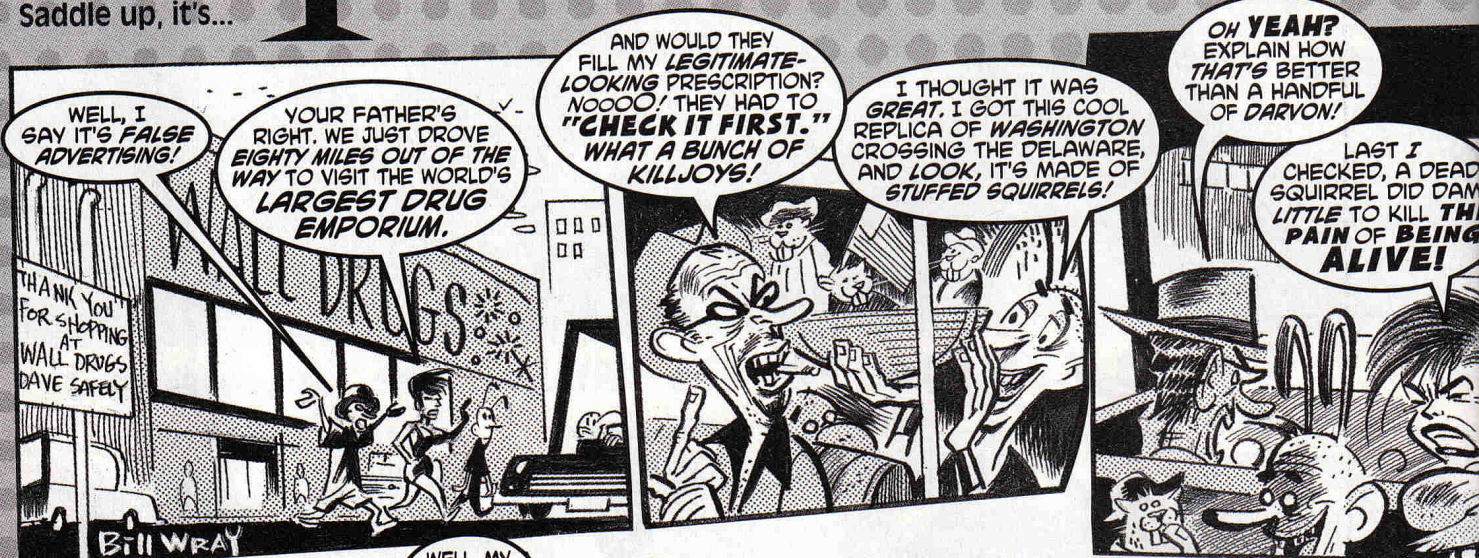




Like the early pioneers, our hero continues to weave his way ever west. And like them, his butt is starting to get really sore. Saddle up, it's...

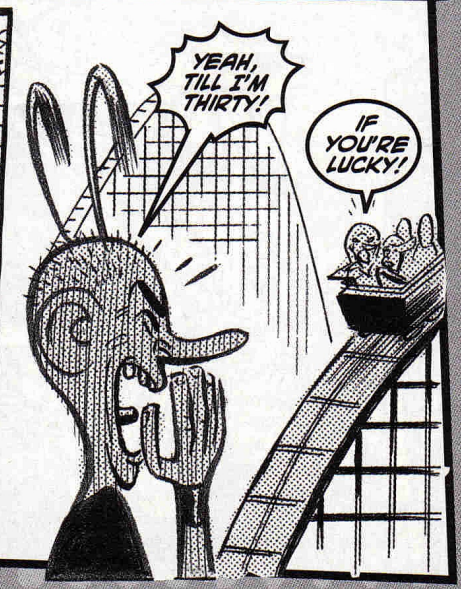
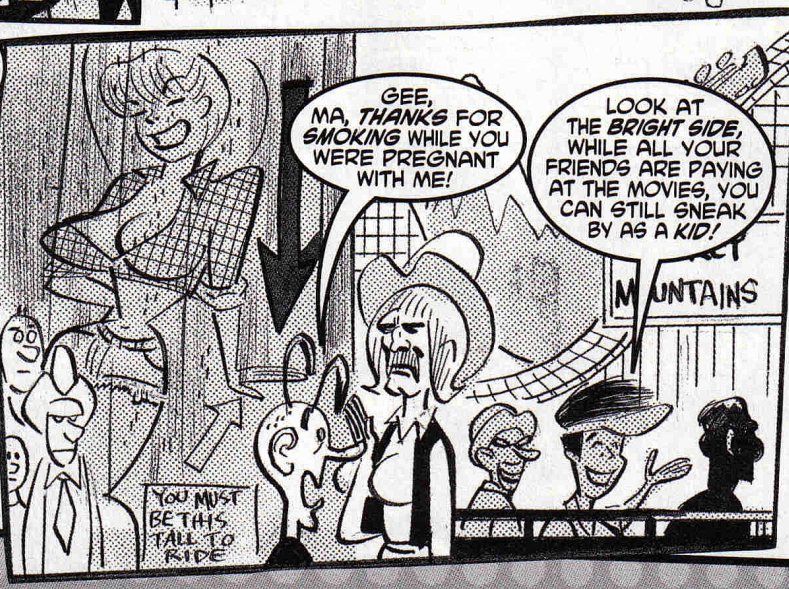
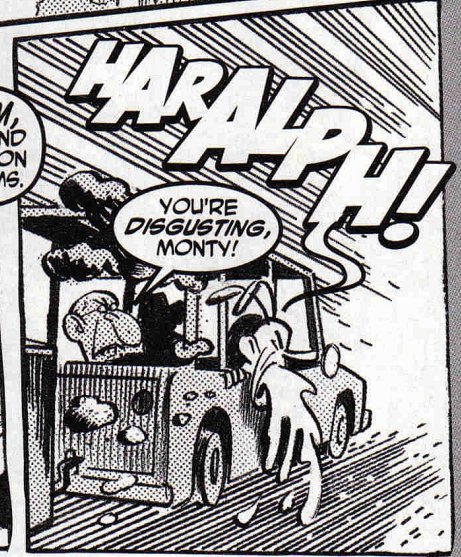
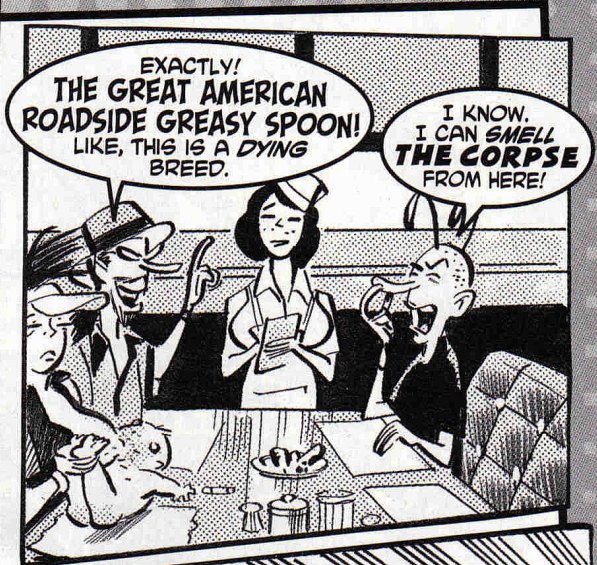
Monty and..

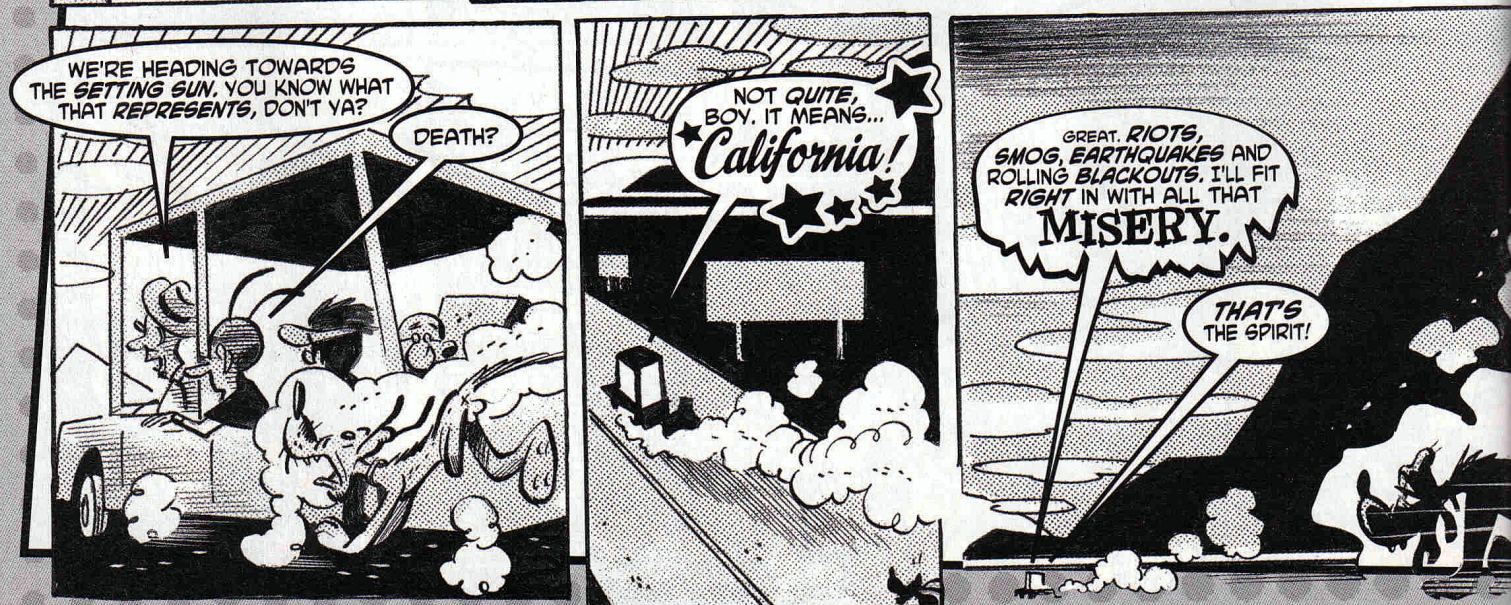
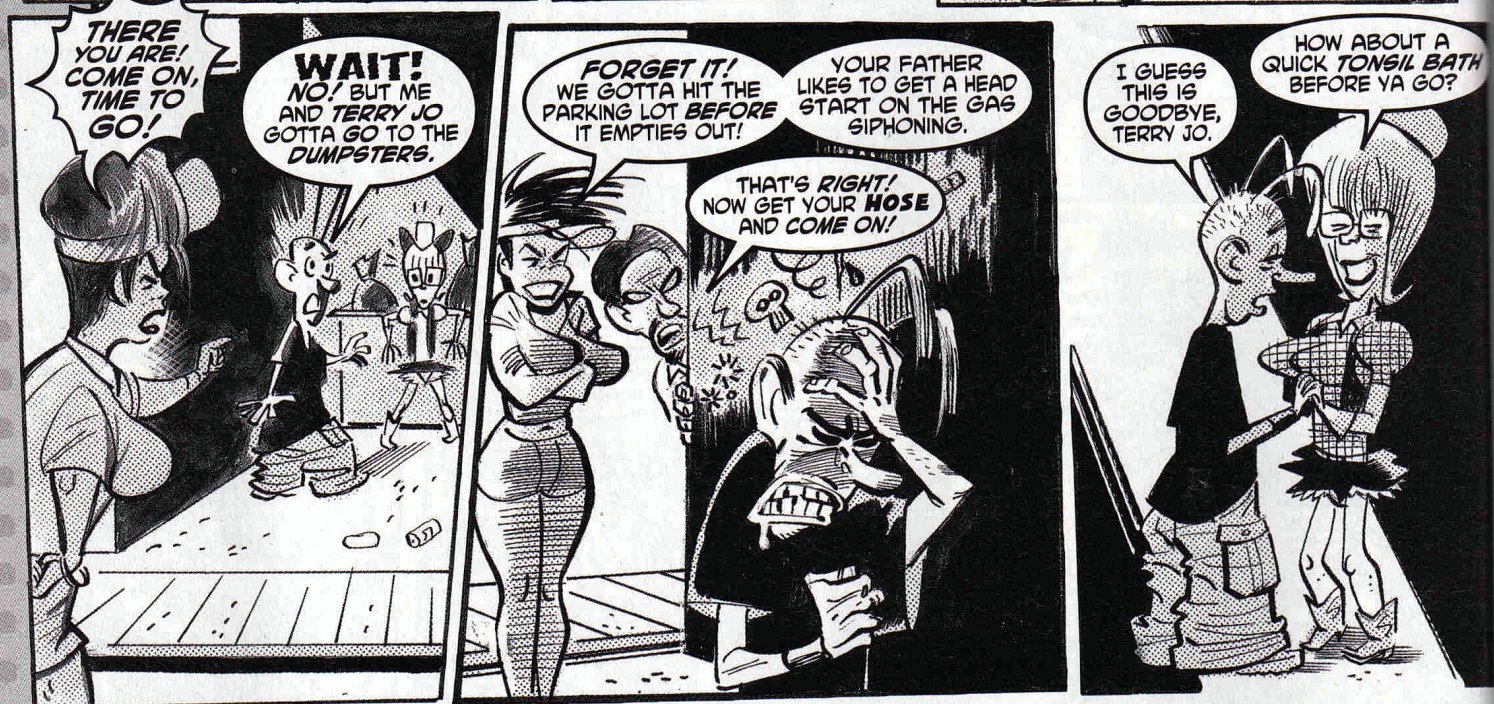
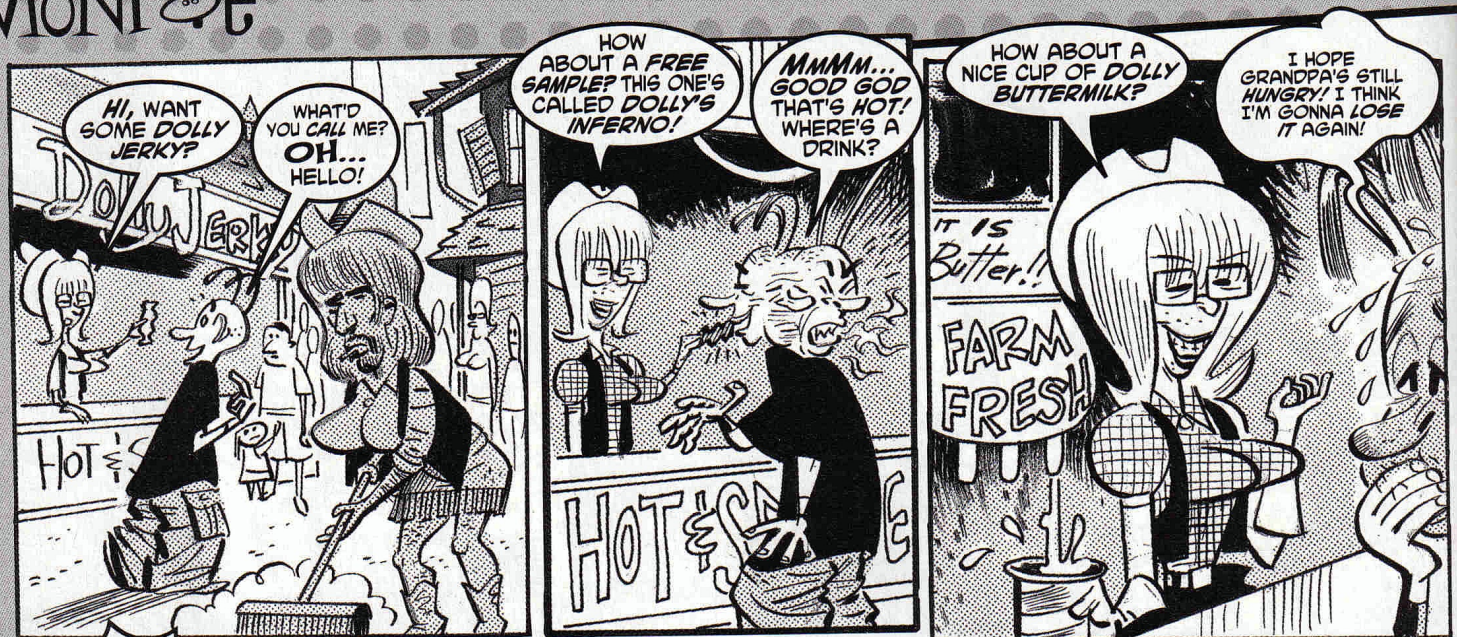
and..



THE GREAT AMERICAN ROAD TRIP

PART TWO







FEEL BETTER?

YEAH, SORRY ABOUT CRYING. I HAVE A VERY SENSITIVE TONGUE!



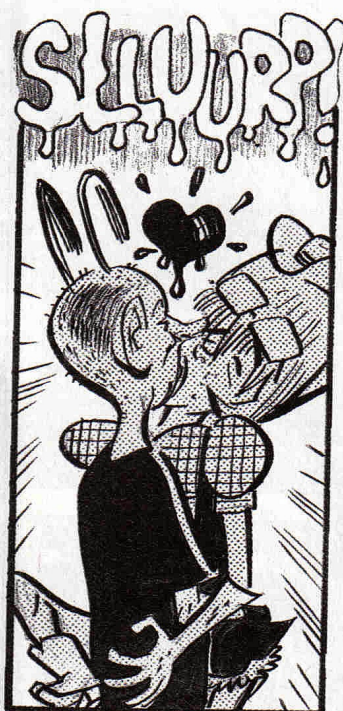
REALLY? WELL MAYBE I CAN KISS IT FOR YOU.

AWESOME! ARE ALL SOUTHERN GIRLS LIKE YOU?



SOME GOT CLOSER SET EYES. IT'S ALL A MATTER OF HOW MUCH INBREEDING THERE WAS IN OUR TEEN YEARS! LET'S GO OVER BY THE DUMPSTERS.

SWEET!



WOW, YOU GOT OUT THAT LODGED PIECE OF JERKY! THANKS, TERRY JO, I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!

WHATEVER.



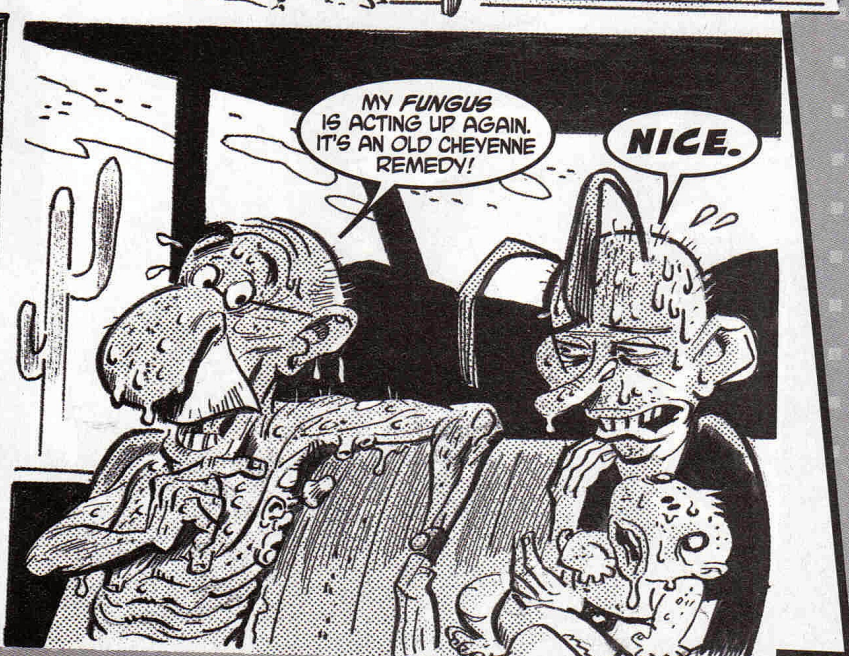
ALL RIGHT PEOPLE, WE GOT A FULL TANK, EMPTY MAYO JARS AND HALF A CASE OF CURRY CORNNUTS! THAT OUGHT TO GET US THERE.

I'M AFRAID TO ASK, BUT... WHERE TO NOW, DAD?



WHEN I GET TO CALIFORNIA, I'M GONNA SQUASH SOME GRAPES ALL OVER MY BODY!

EWWW! HOW COME?



MY FUNGUS IS ACTING UP AGAIN. IT'S AN OLD CHEYENNE REMEDY!

NICE.

IN OUR NEXT SUN-SOAKED EPISODE...

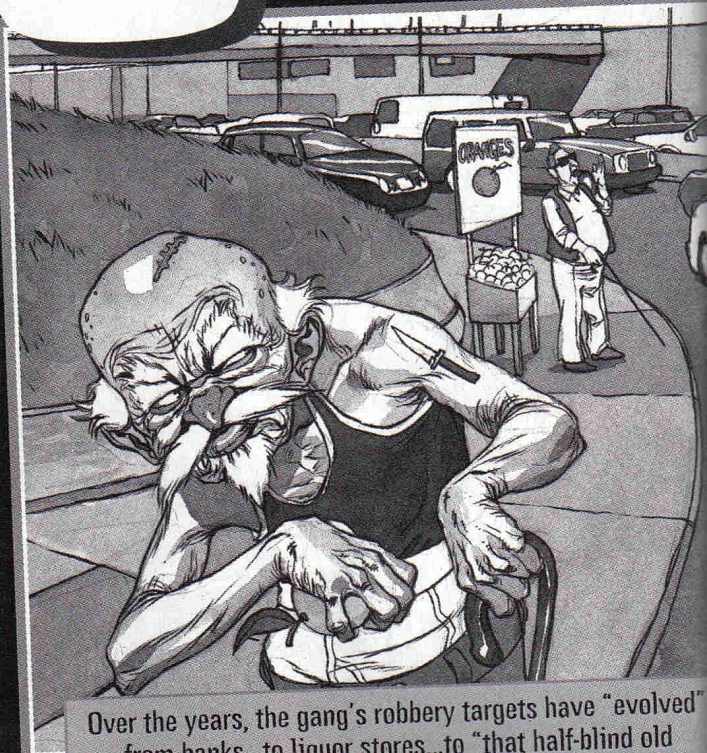


According to FBI statistics, rates of serious crimes have fallen off steeply in the last several years. One reason is the inevitable aging of youths that comprised many violent street gangs. How about *your* gang members? Are they getting a bit long in the tooth? Are the once feared "Loco," "Thug" and "Killa" now referred to as "Gramps," "Pokey" and "Gums"? Have you officially changed your gang colors to "Viagra Blue" and "Pepto Bismol Pink"? Maybe it's time that you woke up and got down with the...

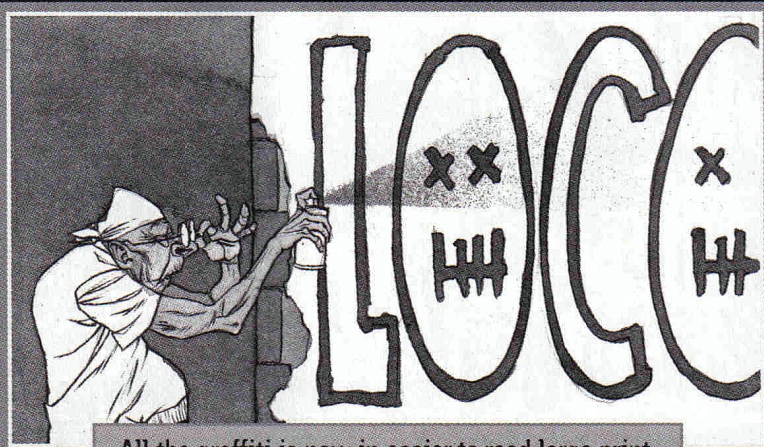
10 SIGNS



Gang wars had to be rescheduled because half the guys had to drop off their kids at soccer practice.



Over the years, the gang's robbery targets have "evolved" from banks...to liquor stores...to "that half-blind old man selling oranges at the Harbor Freeway on-ramp"!



All the graffiti is now in easier-to-read large print.

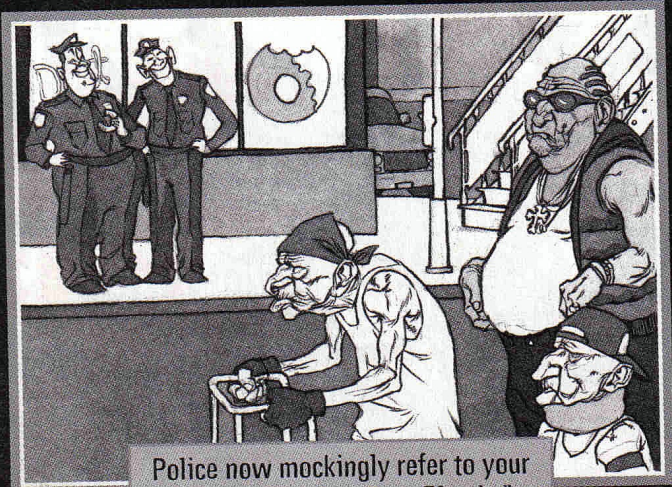


They've stopped showing off stab wounds and bullet holes and now complain about hip replacements and bypass scars.



Members spend less time threatening rival gangs for encroaching on their territory...and more time yelling at local kids to "Get the hell off my lawn, punk!"

THAT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD GANG IS GETTING OLD



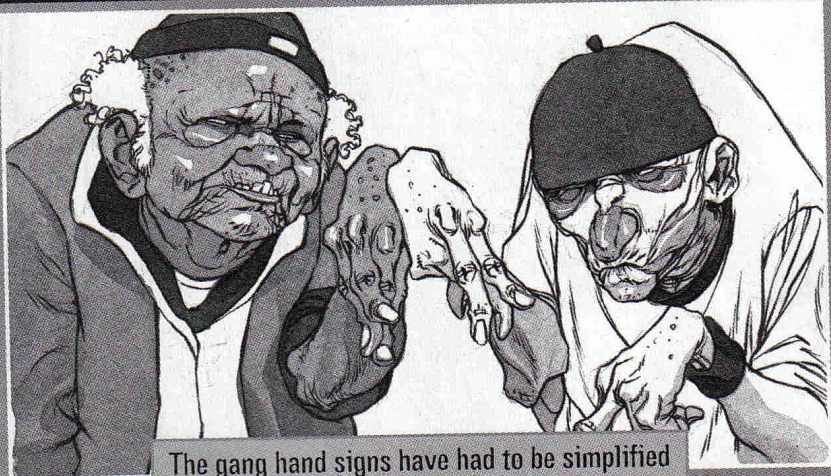
Police now mockingly refer to your gang as "The Iron Poor Bloods."



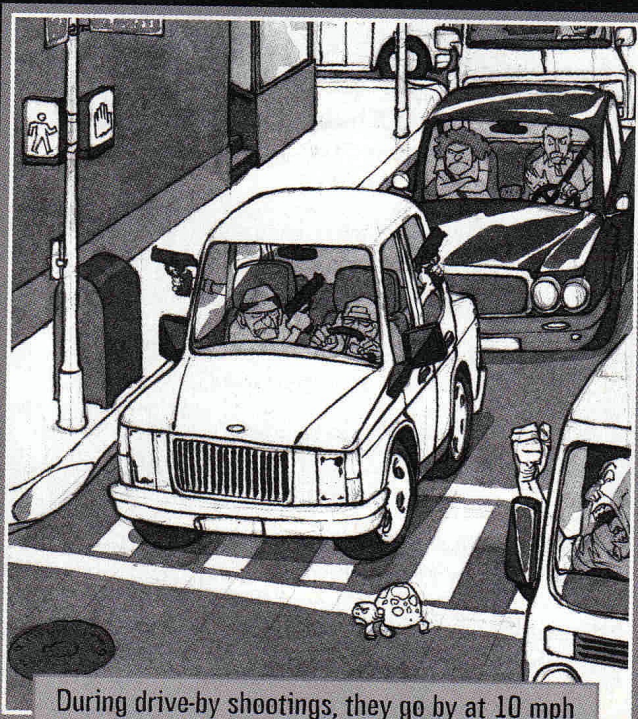
Any encroachment on the local turf by other gangs is met with a swift, sternly-worded letter, followed up immediately by a court Restraining Order!



The hottest new personal fashion accessory in the 'hood is trifocal Ray-Bans.



The gang hand signs have had to be simplified to accommodate members' arthritis.



During drive-by shootings, they go by at 10 mph and leave their left turn signal on the entire time.



Since time immemorial, women have been withholding sex from men, usually in retaliation for one perceived infraction or another that men invariably commit. Men know this, but have never been able to totally avoid committing these offending deeds. Why, you ask? Because women are always changing the rules, or making up new ones in the top-secret meetings they have. Well, we guys at MAD think we have finally broken the code that guides all women in their never-ending effort to torture randy men. Here's...

A MAN'S BEFORE AFTER COMMITTING

THE MAN'S ERROR

**LENGTH
OF TIME**
(Before He Can
Expect to "Get Any")

Giggling at her for getting misty-eyed at the end of a chick-flick

4 days

Using any expression other than "making love" to refer to sex

4 days

Tone of voice she doesn't like while talking about her mother

5 days

Actually saying "No, I don't want to go" when she says "It's okay if you don't want to go"

6 days

Shushing her during ESPN's *SportsCenter*

8 days

Not allowing her to watch *Judging Amy* because there's a 3 Stooges marathon on AMC

3 days

Bringing up the possibility of a "threesome"...

...with her friend

2 days

...with her sister

19 days

...with her mom

6 months

Shrugging your shoulders and grunting when she asks how the makeup she just spent 1 1/2 hours putting on looks

2 days

Showing up 1 1/2 hours late for a date because there was "this really cool police chase on live TV"

3 days

Not answering quickly or vehemently enough when she asks if you would ever cheat on her

12 days

Scratching your privates and asking her "what the hell did you give me?"

3 months

Accusing her of "having PMS"

...when she doesn't

8 days

...when she does

12 days

Failure to be serious about a relationship quiz in *Cosmopolitan* magazine

4 days

Casually remarking that if she wanted a boob job you'd be willing to pay for it

3 weeks

Using logic

6 days



GUIDE TO HOW LONG YOU'LL "GET ANY"

ONE OF THESE COMMON RELATIONSHIP ERRORS



But hey, let's be honest. Men aren't the only ones who screw up in a relationship. In the interest of fair play, we also present...

A WOMAN'S GUIDE TO HOW LONG BEFORE YOU'LL "GET ANY" AFTER COMMITTING ONE OF THESE COMMON RELATIONSHIP ERRORS

THE WOMAN'S ERROR	LENGTH OF TIME (Before She Can Expect to "Get Any")
Selling off his prized baseball card collection	2 hours
Wrecking his car	2 hours
Running off with the mailman, but coming back after a week or so	2 hours
Accidentally enlisting him in the Marine Corps	2 hours
Running up a \$1,000 phone bill calling psychic hotlines from his place	2 hours
Burning all his clothes	2 hours
Killing his mother	2 hours
Shredding his entire skin magazine collection	2 hours
Selling his dog to a Korean restaurant	2 hours
Slicing off his penis with a kitchen knife, then tossing it into a vacant lot	2 hours

ARTIST: PETER KUPER

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER





Public Schools are facing severe financial crises. Budgets are being cut, leaving students with old textbooks, faulty gym equipment and the like. What is the answer? Hit up big corporations for donations and sponsorship. Now, we can tolerate a new basketball scoreboard with a company's name on it, but a textbook that teaches math by having students count Cheerios is a whole other story. Can you say hidden agenda? Recently, we traveled to Pepsi High School in Long Beach, California to find out what happens...

WHEN CORPO PUBLIC SCH

From the *RJ Reynolds* U. S. History Textbook

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

In 1620, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. They were greeted by Indians who helped them plant corn and wheat and tobacco. Ah, smooth tobacco! Together, the Pilgrims and Indians harvested their tobacco and then processed it into cigarettes and then sold them to others who could prove they were at least 18 years old. It was in this spirit of cooperation and providing the public with a product it wanted that the first Thanksgiving was celebrated.

IMPORTANT TERMS IN THIS CHAPTER:

- ✓ Tobacco
- ✓ Cigarettes
- ✓ Thanksgiving

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

- How do cigarettes help bring people of different races together?
- What can you do to ensure that all Americans always have the right to smoke tobacco, a naturally occurring plant?



RATE SPONSORSHIP OF TOOLS GOES TOO FAR!

From Seagram's Chemistry Experiments Workbook

EXPERIMENT No. 6.0

MATERIALS NEEDED:

- One 750 ml bottle C_2H_5OH (Ethyl alcohol) compound — *let's call it "tequila"*
- One 44.5 milliliter measuring beaker — *let's call it a "jigger"*
- One 250 ml bottle triple distilled juice of Citrus limetta Risso — *let's call it "triple sec"*
- One Citrus aurantifolia (Christm.) Swingle — *let's call it a "lime"*
- 4 cubes of H_2O stored below 0 degrees centigrade — *let's call it "ice"*
- 3.7 milliliters NaCl — *let's call it "table salt"*
- One 284 ml conical flask — *let's call it a "highball glass"*

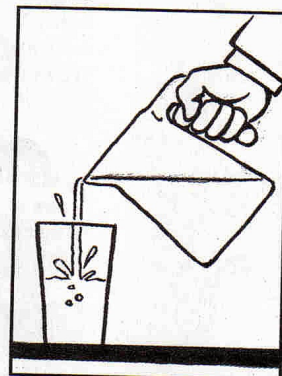
Multiply materials times the number of lab partners (and don't forget the instructor!)



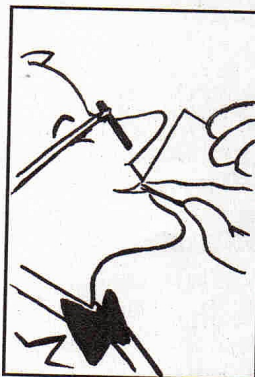
DIRECTIONS FOR EXPERIMENT:



Combine 1 measuring beaker of C_2H_5OH compound, 1/3 measuring beaker of triple distilled juice of Citrus limetta Risso, 2/3 measuring beaker of juice squeezed from Citrus aurantifolia (Christm.) Swingle, and 4 cubes of H_2O stored below 0 degrees centigrade.



Place mixture in conical flask, the rim of which has been rubbed with wedge of Citrus aurantifolia (Christm.) Swingle and sprinkled with NaCl.



Drink mixture.



Repeat experiment as many times as desired and/or physically able to.

Observations:

- Observe how much better you feel after drinking mixture
- Observe how much more fun your lab partners are to be with
- Observe how your head feels in six to eight hours — Let's call it a "hangover"

Remember:

Don't mix acids and bases in an impaired state.

**WHEN CORPORATE
SPONSORSHIP OF
PUBLIC SCHOOLS
GOES TOO FAR!**

**From MasterCard's
Elementary Math Flash Cards**

MasterCard

$$2+2=4^*$$

*"4" is the correct answer if reached during the initial grace period. Following the initial grace period, the sum shall be subject to an annual percentage rate of 17.99%, which corresponds to a daily periodic rate of 0.0493%. This rate will begin to accrue from the date the equation is assigned for homework and continue to accrue until the correct answer is credited to your midterms or final exams, whichever occurs first. If 30 days pass and the teacher has not received a minimum required answer, an additional late fee of 29 shall be added to the sum of the equation. So, if Johnny is given this equation in January and does not answer until February, the correct answer to "2+2" shall be calculated as $4+4 \times 1.499\%$, or 4.05996, with a minimum required answer of 1. If Johnny does then not make the correct or minimum required answer until March, the correct answer to "2+2" shall be calculated as $4+4.05996 \times 1.499\% + 29$, or 33.12082, with a new minimum required answer of 2. (At current percentage rates, if only the minimum required answer is made each month, it will take 39 years to reach the correct answer. If Johnny is left back, he will be subject to a \$25 annual membership fee.)

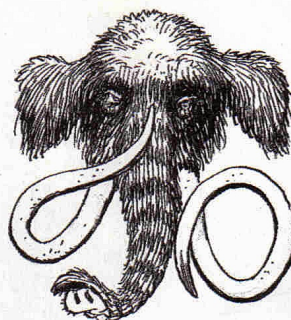
From THE HOME DEPOT's Life Sciences Book



**CHAPTER SIX:
EXTINCTION**

Extinction is a natural, necessary part of the Life Cycle. It is the process in nature by which, according to Darwin's Theory of Evolution, only the organisms best adapted to their environment tend to survive while those less adapted tend to be eliminated. In other words, every so often, bigger, stronger animals will enter an ecosystem and overwhelm the smaller animals that don't have the means to support themselves in the new, more competitive environment. As a result, the more efficient organisms take over and eventually, no one even remembers the extinct species. This is also referred to as *Natural Selection*.

Some Extinct Organisms:



Woolly Mammoth



Saber-Toothed Tiger



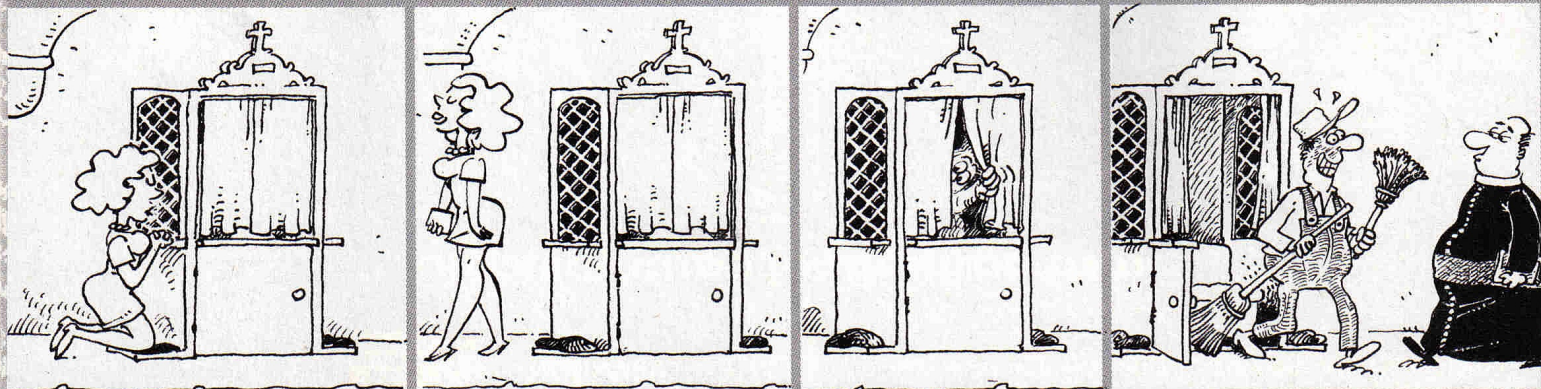
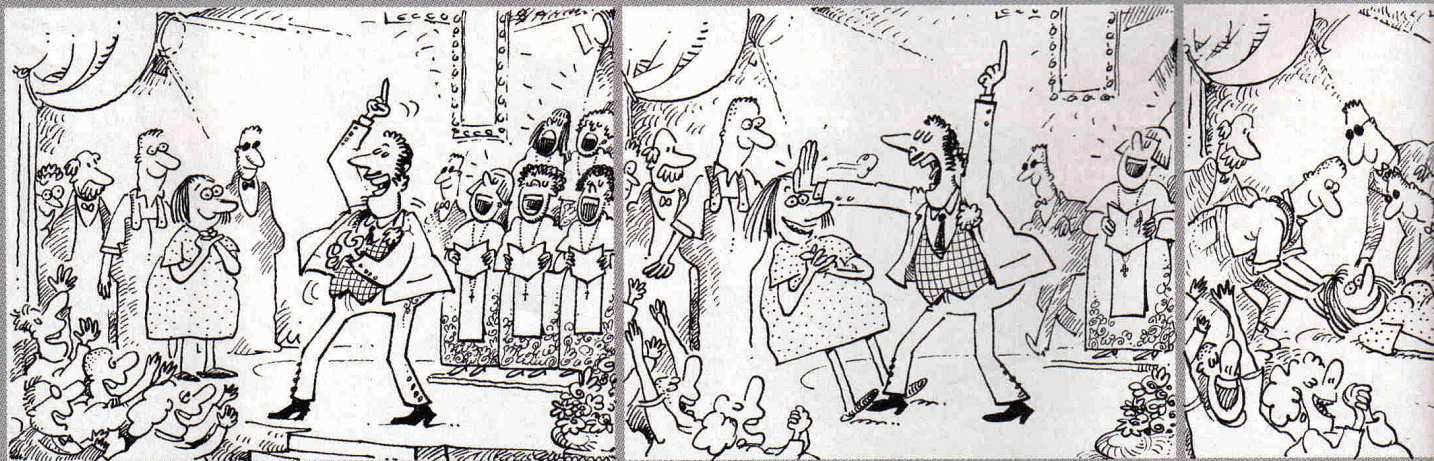
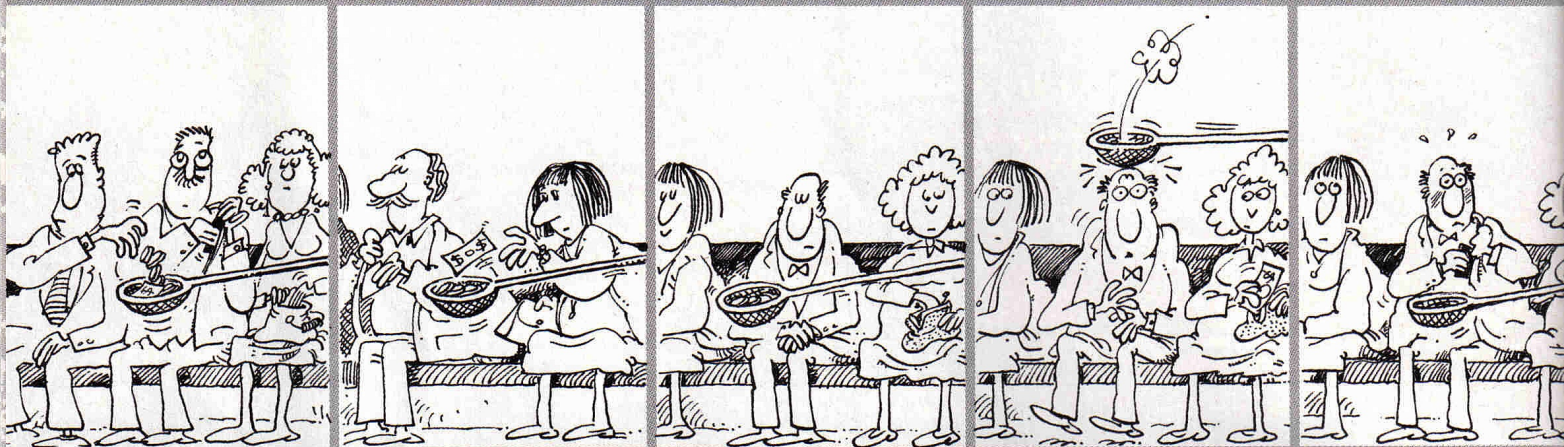
Dodo Bird



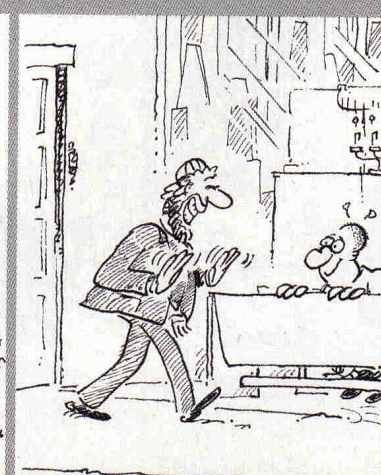
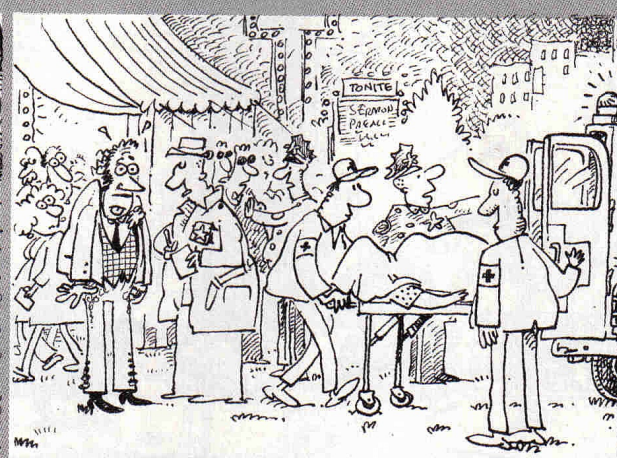
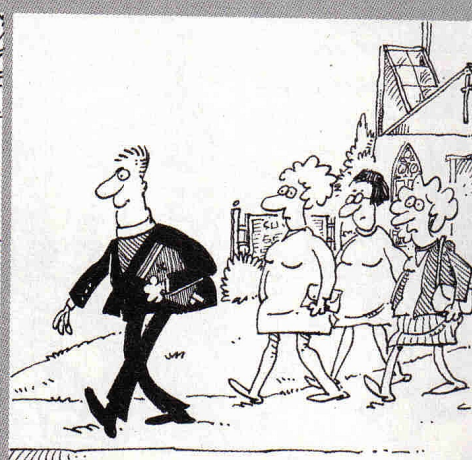
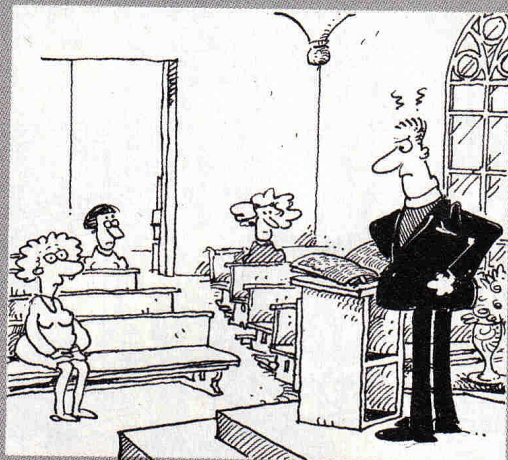
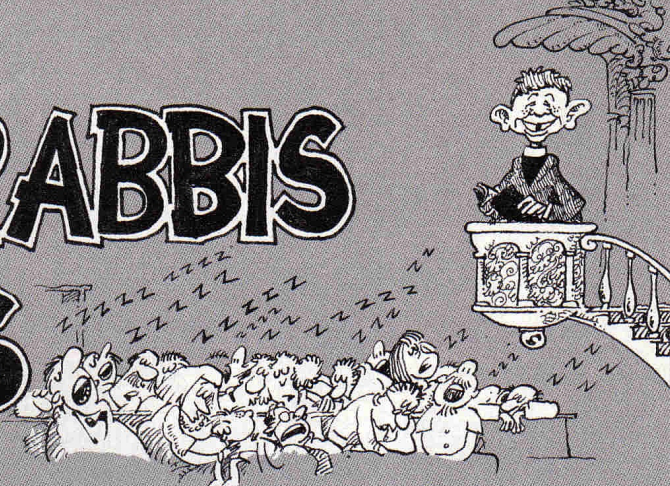
Mom and Pop Small
Corner Hardware Store

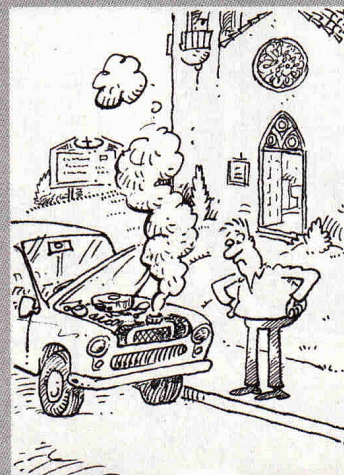
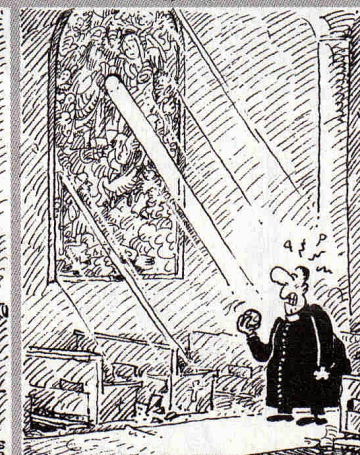
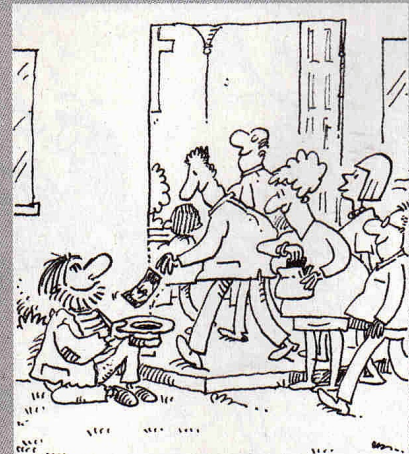
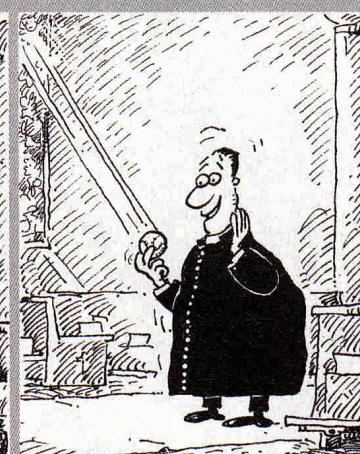
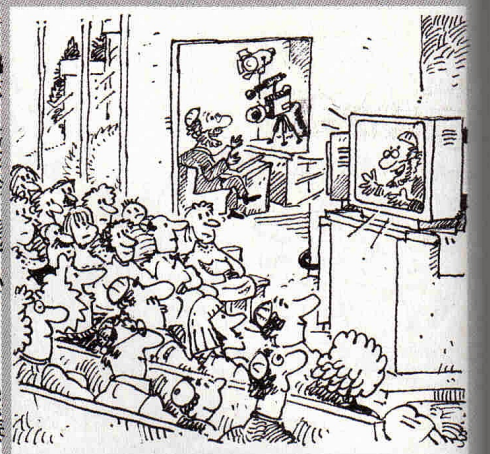
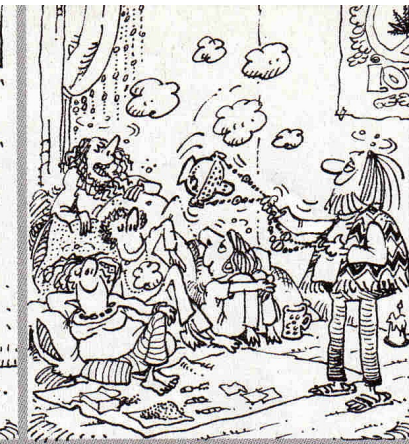
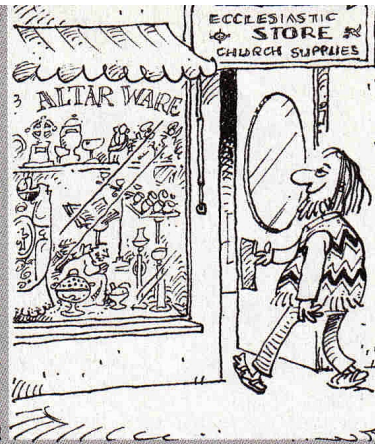


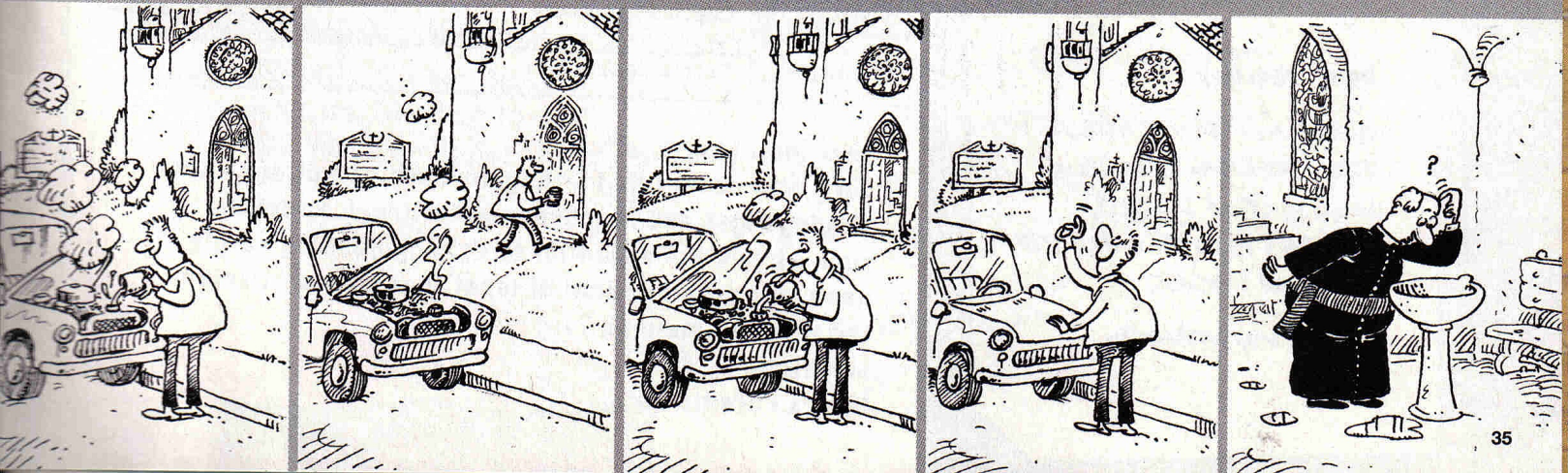
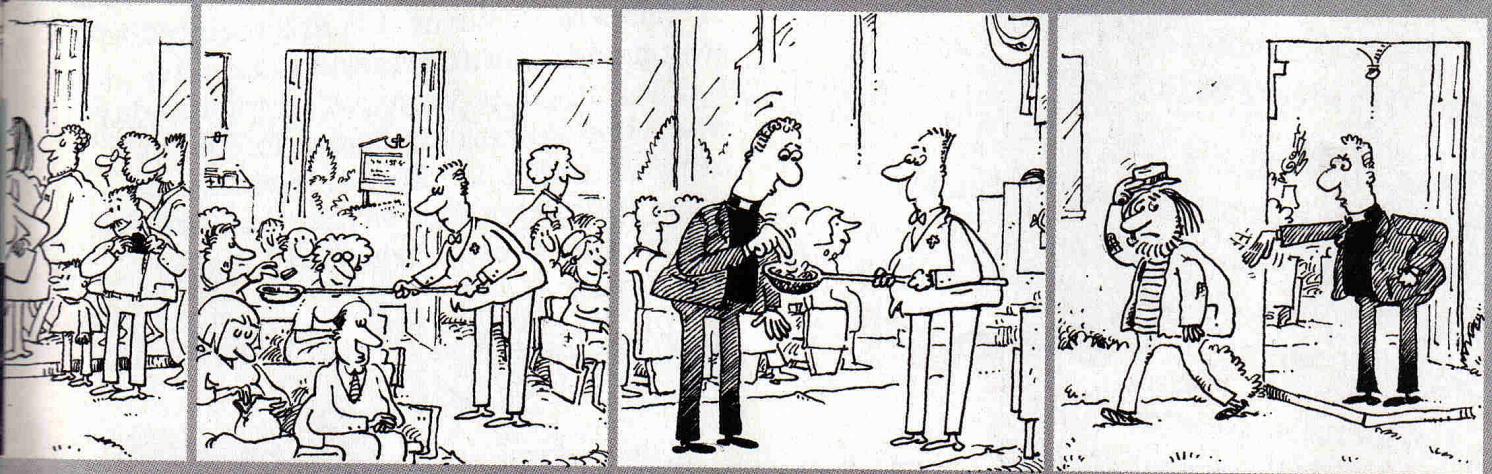
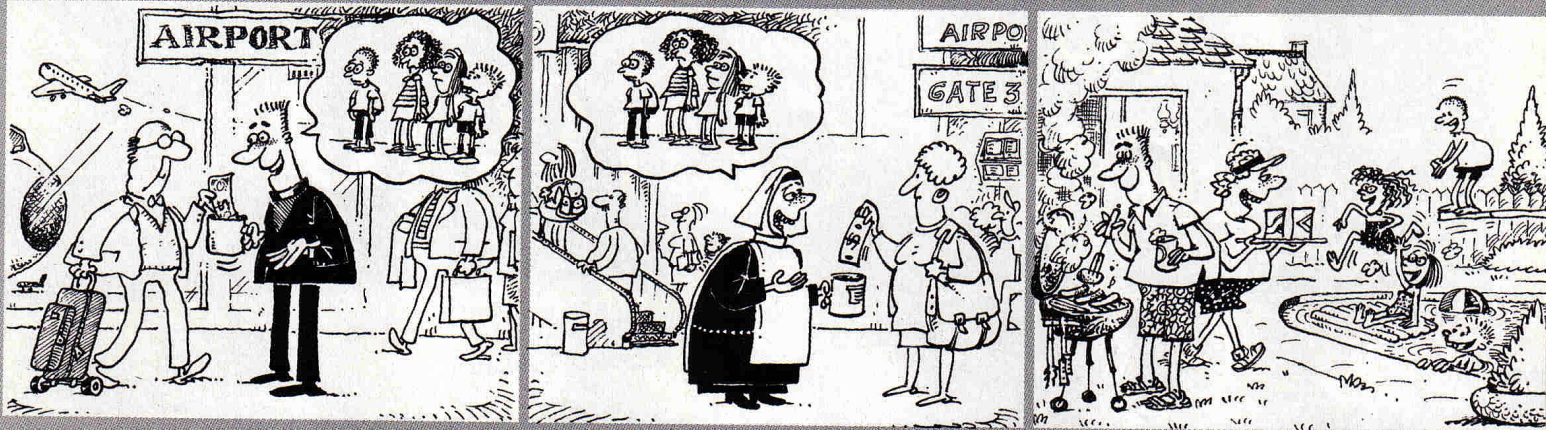
A MAD LOOK AT PRIEST & A FE



STs, MINISTERS, RABBIS W SCOUNDRELS









It used to be that nothing short of a doctor's note detailing the symptoms of a highly contagious disease was acceptable fodder for missing a day of school. But, just as the quality of education has deteriorated, so have plausible excuses. So, to keep your ideas fresh and timely, we present you with a selection of new, improved and guaranteed to be accepted...

STUDENT EXCUSE NOTES FOR THE 21ST CENTURY



MEMO

TO: Frank Diblow,
Social Studies Instructor
FROM: Mrs. Linda Mochino

Dear Mr. Diblow,
Lorianna was absent from school yesterday because she had an ob-gyn appointment. By the way, it looks like you're going to be the father of twins!

Lorianna's mother,
Linda

DEAR TEACHER,

ONE OF MY KIDS WAS ABSENT
THE OTHER DAY BECAUSE OF
SOME SORT OF SICKNESS,
THOUGH I FORGET WHICH KID
OR WHICH SICKNESS.

DAPHNE VON LATCHKEY

Dear Teacher,

Zappy could not attend yesterday because of our religious holiday, the Feast of Princess Arcturus. We are required to stay home, light firecrackers and sing funeral dirges in preparation for the day when the Mothership comes for us, to bring us to live in Eternal Paradise. I guess it goes without saying that Zappy will no longer be in school at all after this happens.

Long Live Arcturus,

Sunbeam Funderlicht ☺

To...

Capric@pghs.com

Subject:

Cory's Absence

Dear Mrs. Capric,

Cory was absent last Friday because he got engrossed playing Myst and reached another level. Activities such as this are essential to helping develop Cory's hand/eye coordination. At least that's what it said in the player's manual.

Sincerely,

Cory's Parents



Dear Ms. Blotz,
Antigone was absent from
class yesterday because she
was attending the funeral of her
surrogate mother's live-in lover.
Sincerely,
Hank Mackey (Antigone's sperm donor)

Dear Professor:

You'll have to pardon Larissa's absence
yesterday. She was feeling the angst of
being trapped in a cold, uncaring world
that barely acknowledges her existence.

Best Wishes,
Mariana Pinato

Dear Ms. Savssat,

Sorry about Lenny
missing class last
Monday. He overdosed
on Ritalin and didn't
wake up until noon.

Sincerely,
Fred Agrippa

BRENT SACKBUT

Dear Mrs. Unbe,

Please excuse Melantha's absence from
English class yesterday. She had to wait
for FedEx to deliver her term paper.

Thank You,
Brent Sackbut

Dear Sir and/or Madam:

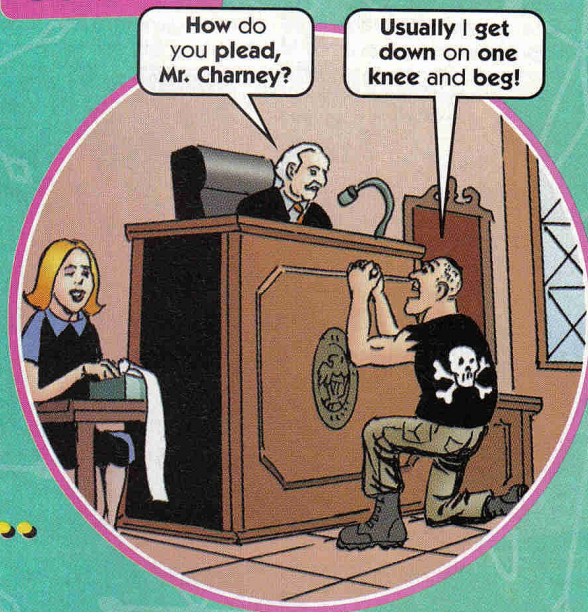
Dag was injured in the Junior
Snowboarding Championships at
The 'Bird, when he bonked hard
after a really aggro carve. He's
still a grom, and tends to shred.

Xtremely Yours,
Dag Sr.



JUSTICE

The Lighter Side of...



RELATIONSHIPS

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

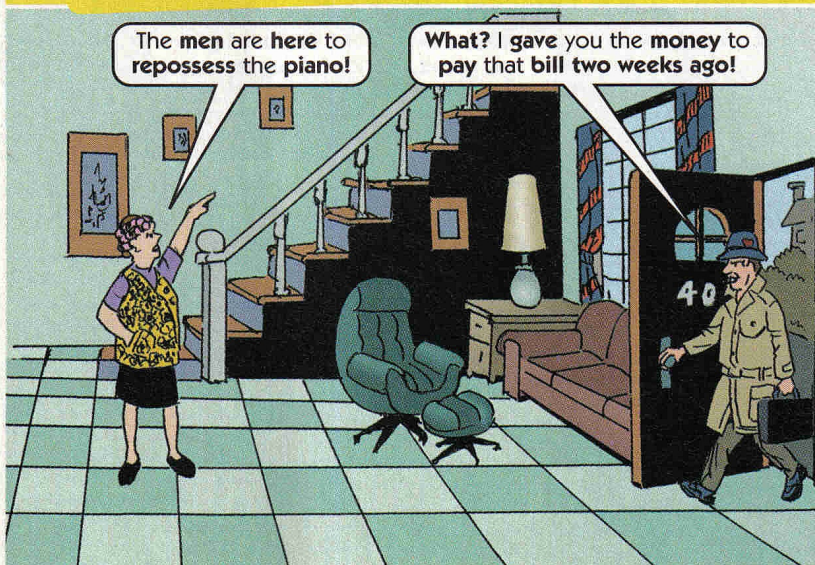
COLORIST: WILDSTORM



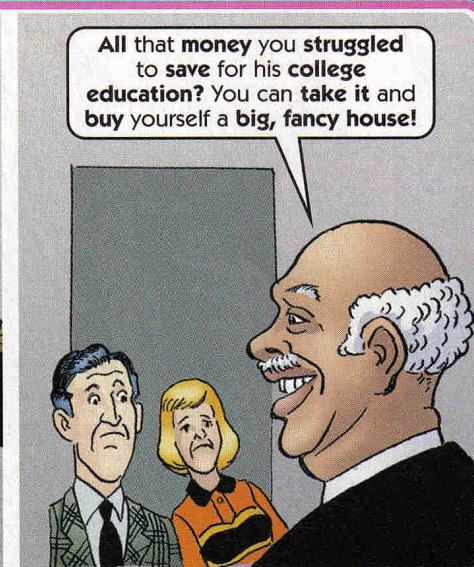
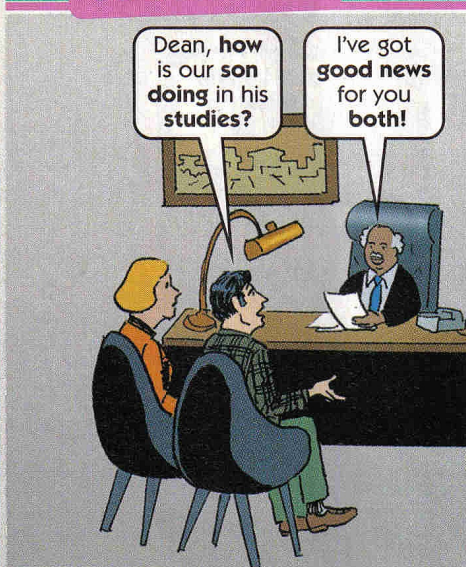
REVERSALS



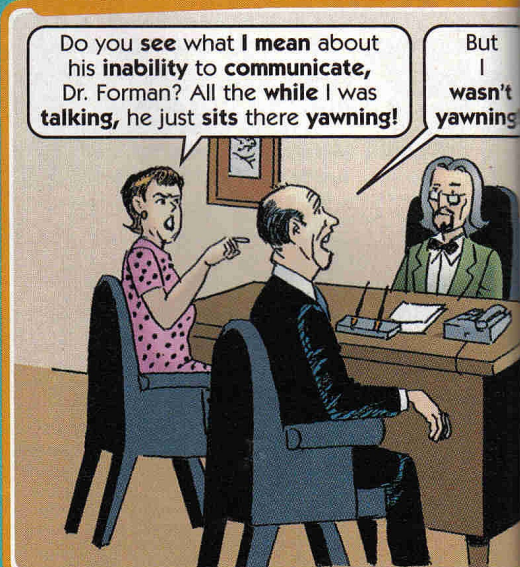
PLANNING AHEAD



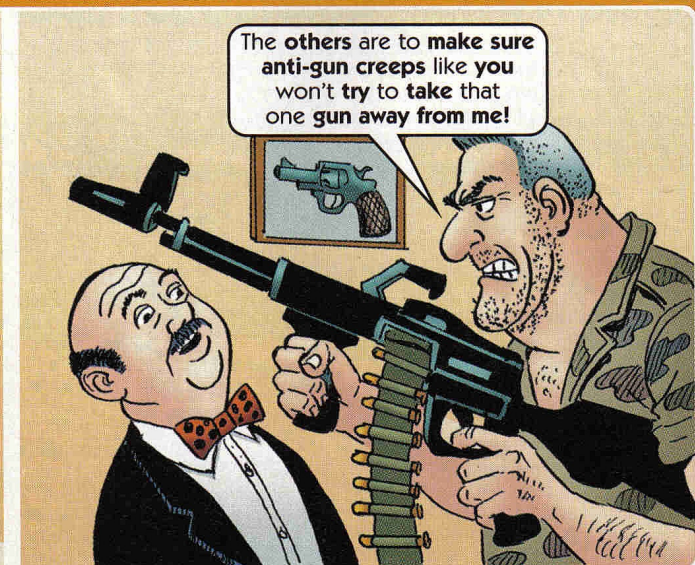
EDUCATION



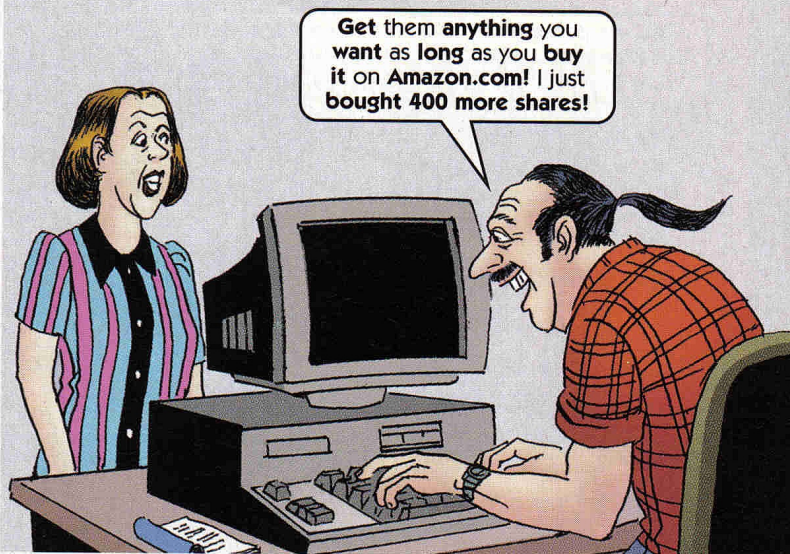
THERAPY



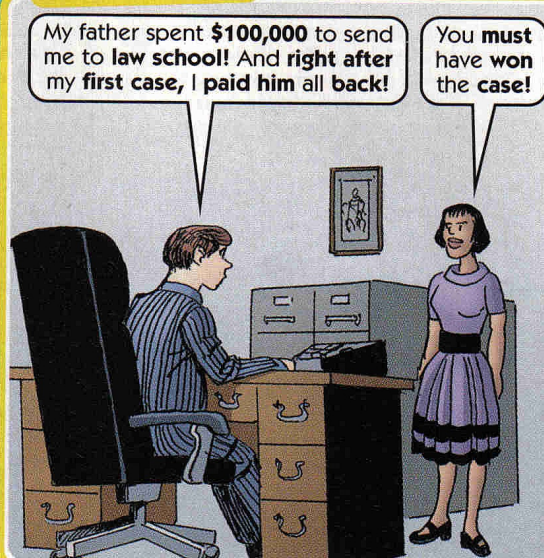
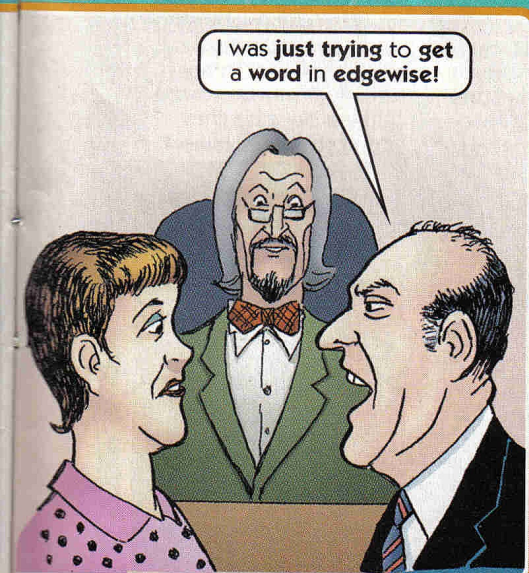
WEAPONS



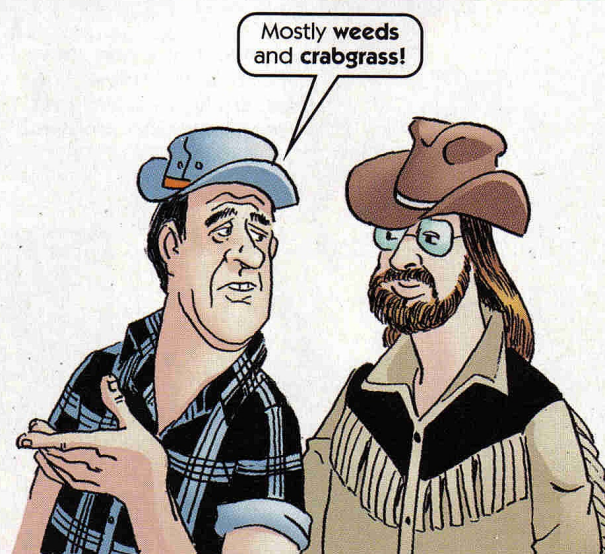
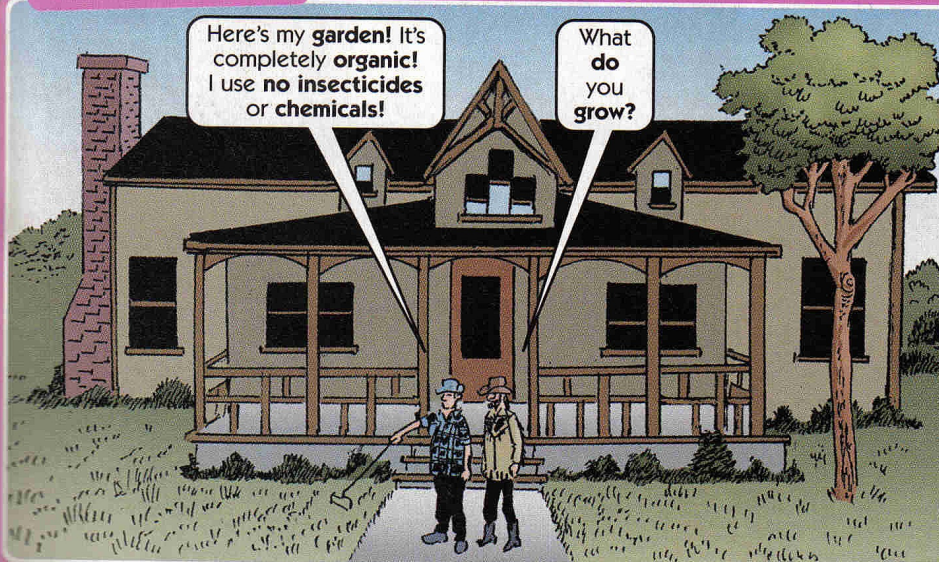
PRIORITIES



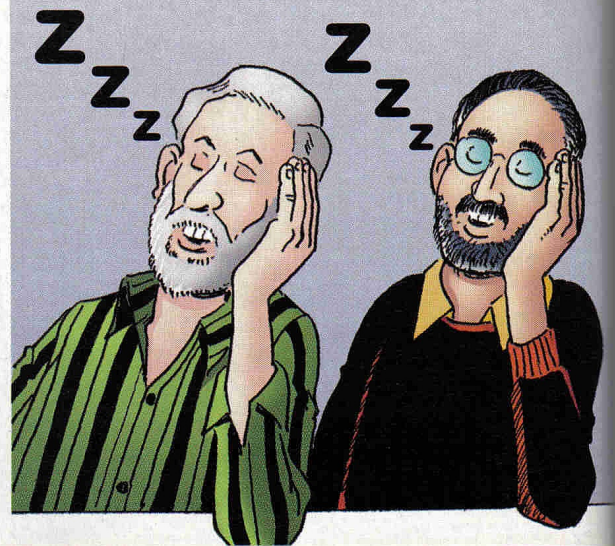
LAWYERS



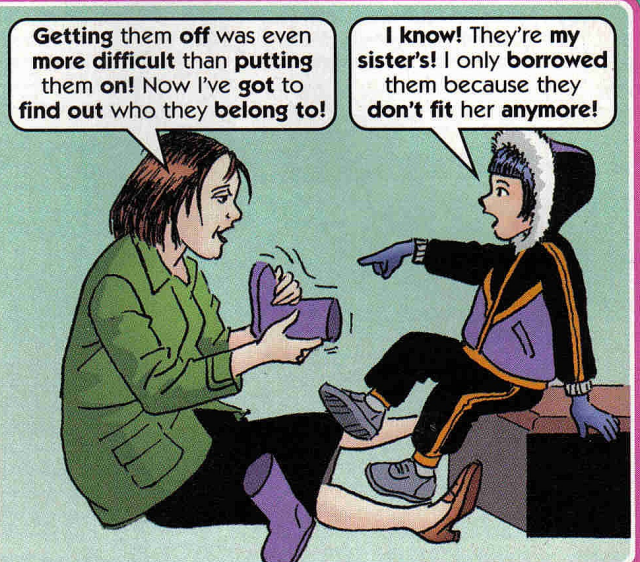
GARDENING



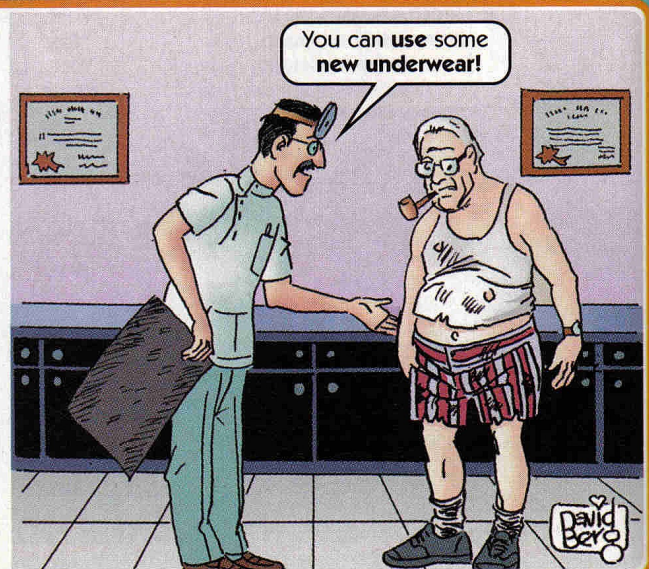
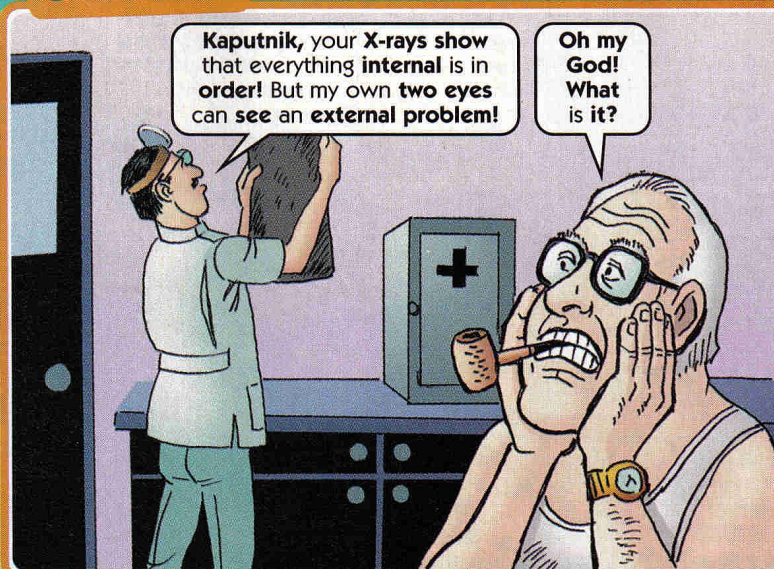
THE OFFICE



TRUTH



DOCTORS



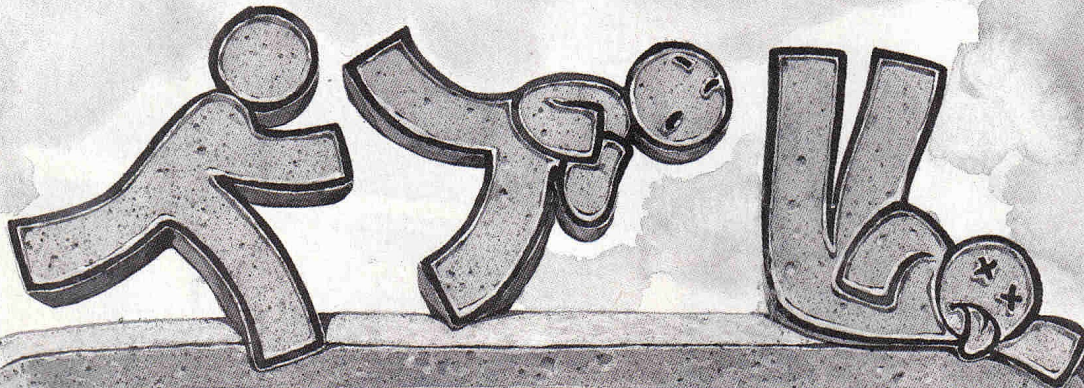


GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will be control — alt — deleted!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE HANDFUL OF DUST:



THE LITTLE AOL MAN

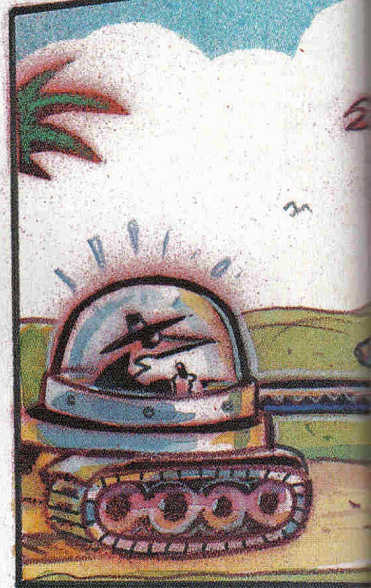
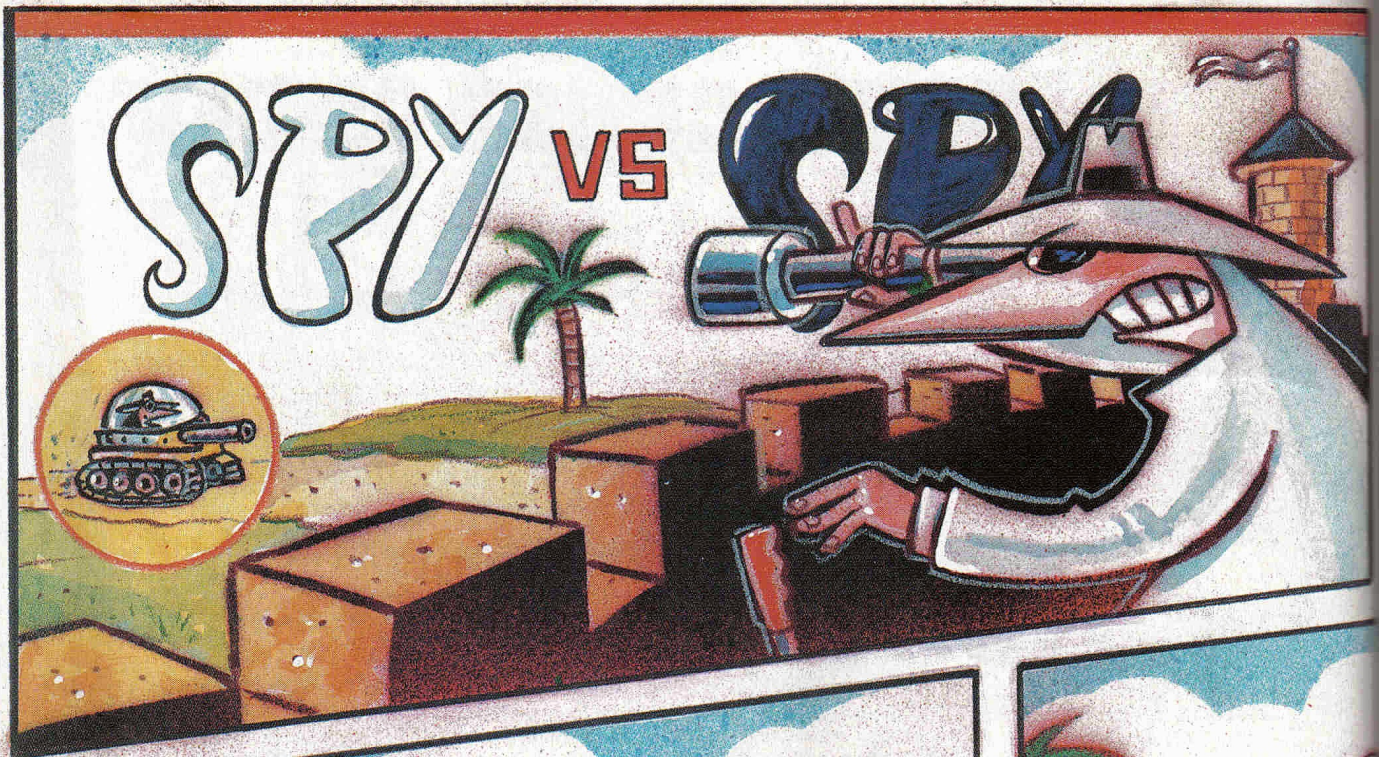
CAUSE OF DEATH

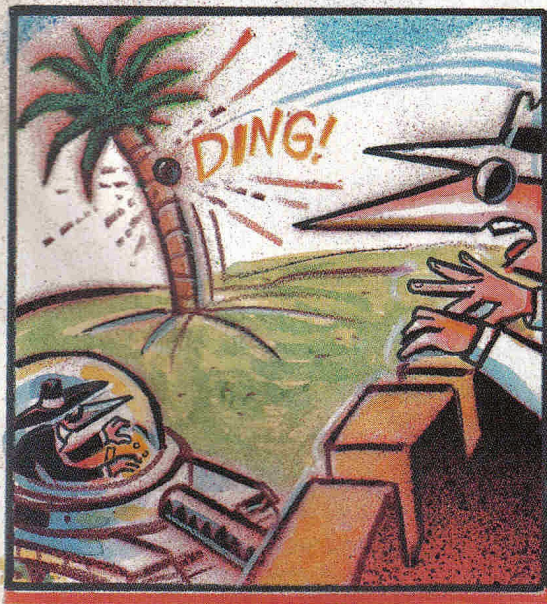
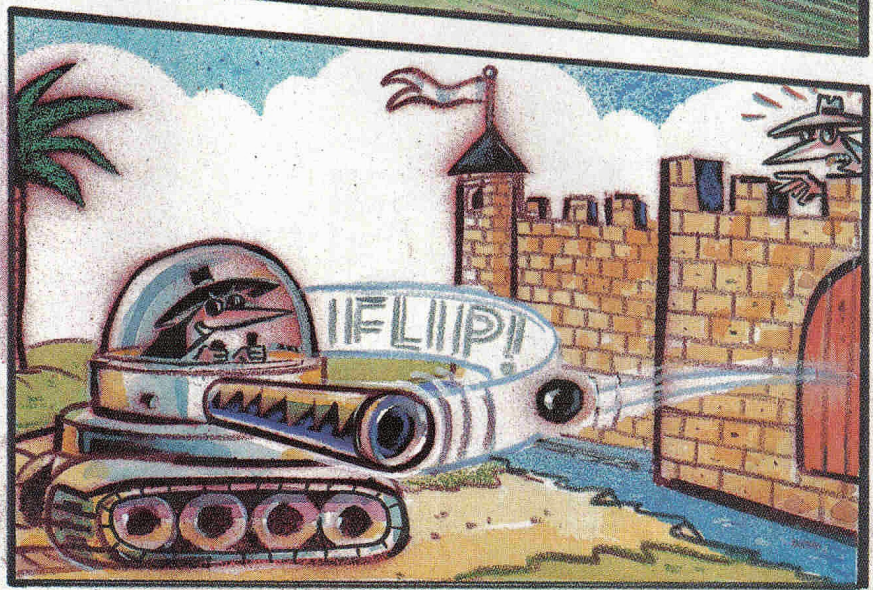
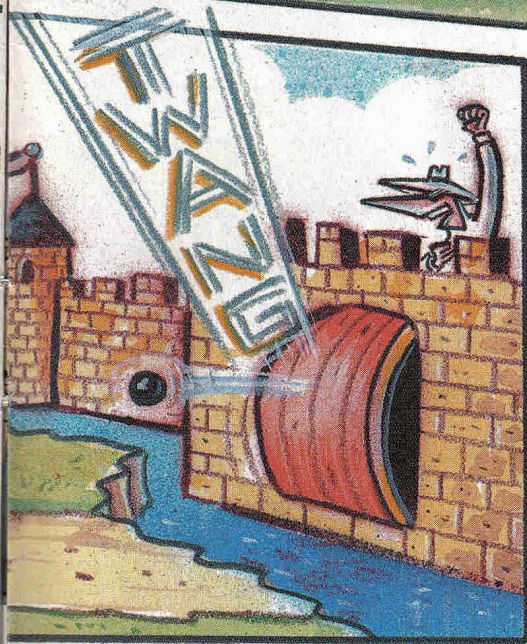
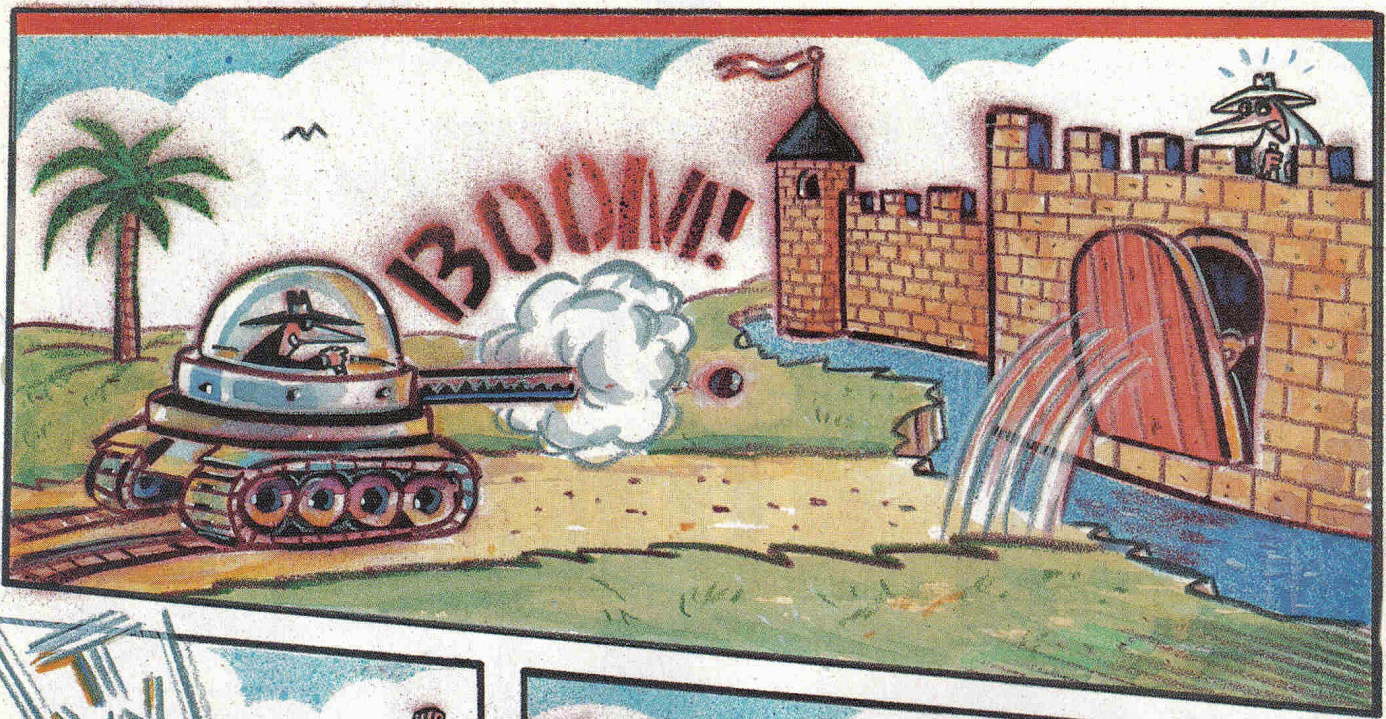
ODDS

Finally succumbs to cumulative effects of "Melissa" and "I Love You" computer viruses	1:1
Terminal exhaustion from running in place on AOL sign-on screen during busy signals	2:1
Throws self into recycle bin after being laid off due to merger of AOL and Time Warner	4:1
Skull fracture from clunk on head by unexpected Buddy List dropping down out of nowhere	6:1
Heart attack upon learning awful secret that his father is the yellow "Smiley Face" from the 1970s	9:1
Bored to death during visit to typical AOL chat room	10:1

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER







ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

KUPER



Remember when your mom used to put a little note and a treat in with your lunch? (No? What a sad childhood you had!) From a few scribbled lines and your favorite homemade cookies, you knew that she loved you and was thinking of you. (You really missed out, fella.) Yep, you can tell a lot about a mom from what she packs in your lunch. But every brown paper bag tells a different tale — and not all of them are so heartwarming. So to help decipher your mother's personality type based on her midday meal selections, MAD now presents...

LUNCH-PACKING MOM

PROFILES

ARTIST: AMANDA CONNER
WRITER: RYAN PAGELOW
COLORIST: WILDSTORM



NEW AGE MOM



Soy milk and horrible-tasting wheat-grass drink.

Napkins recycled from 100 percent post-consumer leftist newsletters.

Each day a new ethnic dish. Today is "Japan Day" with sushi rolls (without meat, of course), an explanation card and fun-facts about Japan.



DIVORCED MOM

De-crusted sandwich cut the way you used to like it before Mom and Dad lost touch with you because they were busy fighting.

Invitations to friends with single fathers to yet another pool party.



A brown bag until parents' divorce trial decides who owns which family assets, including your lunchbox.

Apology note for not being home after school, and yet another promise to take you to the zoo Saturday with her free time now that no-good Daddy is gone.

FUNDAMENTALIST MOM



Earplugs for when that Evolution Theory nonsense comes up during science class.

Religious tracts to pass out during recess.

Water, but no food, to continue fasting until those misguided classmates give up their demonic activity of co-ed kickball at recess.

STRESSED-OUT WORKING MOM



Your sister's favorite gummy snacks, not yours.

Your sandwich, accidentally wrapped in Mom's first quarter marketing report.

A can of soup with house key taped to it, with directions to microwave for dinner tonight.

EMBARRASSINGLY OVERPROTECTIVE MOM



Allergy pills in separate color-coded bags.

Overly-balanced meal including selections from all four food groups, keyed to an enclosed laminated copy of the FDA Food Pyramid.

Outdated cartoon lunchbox.

Kneepads and helmet for recess in schoolyard.

CRACK ADDICT MOM



An old issue of Cosmo.

63 cents.

One slightly mangy apple.



It's the Spielberg-by-way-of-Kubrick theory that in the future, in order to keep the world's population down, people will be offered a stark choice: either don't have children, or adopt robotic ones. The good news is that the robotic runts are life-like, loving and already toilet trained! The bad news is that they get on your nerves from day one, never grow up and never move out of the house — which is why the very idea of taking one of these little buggers home is the sheer height of...

I'm Professor Hubby, Chief Engineer at CyberCynics! We just released our latest model, DaveNocchio, a Mecha 11-year-old boy! Getting this super-advanced Mechaboy to love was easy! Getting it to be loved back from cold, self-centered parents was another thing! But then, that's par for the course in the real world!

I'm DaveNocchio, the most advanced Mecha ever built! I can run, laugh, and I can even think! I cost about a billion dollars to perfect! It would have been nice if they spent an extra five bucks to give me the ability to blink! My eyes are killing me! One other thing! I don't have the ability to sleep, which is horrible! Imagine sitting through this film without having the ability to snooze! Sheer torture!

I'm Momica, the mother of a very sick son! My husband has the nerve to think a Mecha could replace him! I know I wouldn't have to feed a Mecha, clean up after him, or wash his dirty clothes! And the Mecha would do all the housework! All the shopping! All the cooking! Hmm...Maybe it's time we pulled the plug and took our real son off life support!

My wife hates the Mecha because she feels I'm trying to substitute him for our real son! I hate the Mecha for my own reasons! He's supposed to be mechanical, and yet he can act better than me! I'm not nutty about Eveready the Bear, either! He has 100 times more screen time than I do! Robots may not be taking over the planet, but they sure are taking over the plum movie roles!

I'm Eveready the Bear, the mandatory cuddly, licensable character in every Spielberg film! I am a super toy! I have the looks of an Ewok, the charm of C3PO and for some inexplicable reason, the voice of Hannibal Lecter!

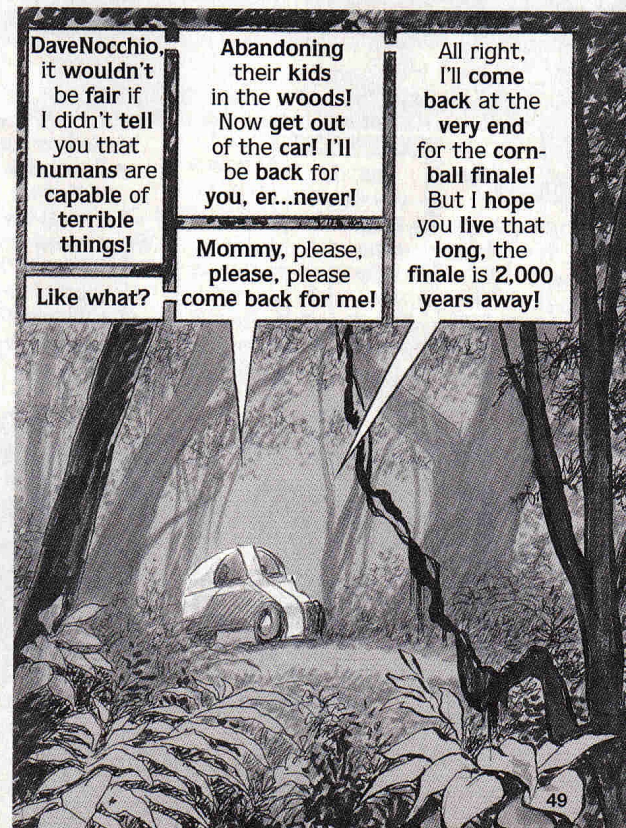
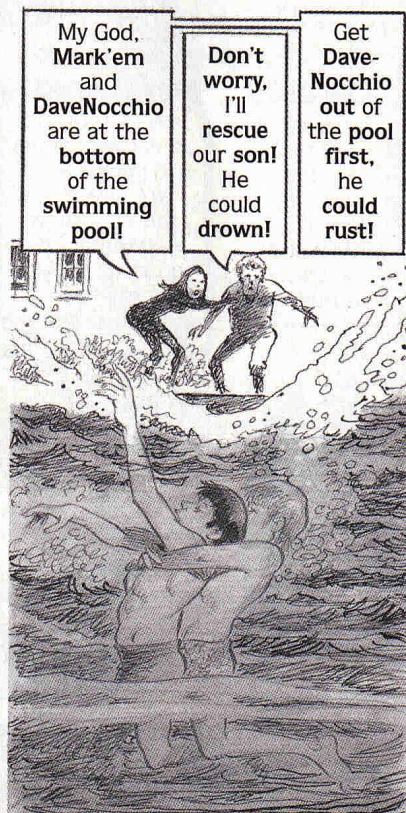
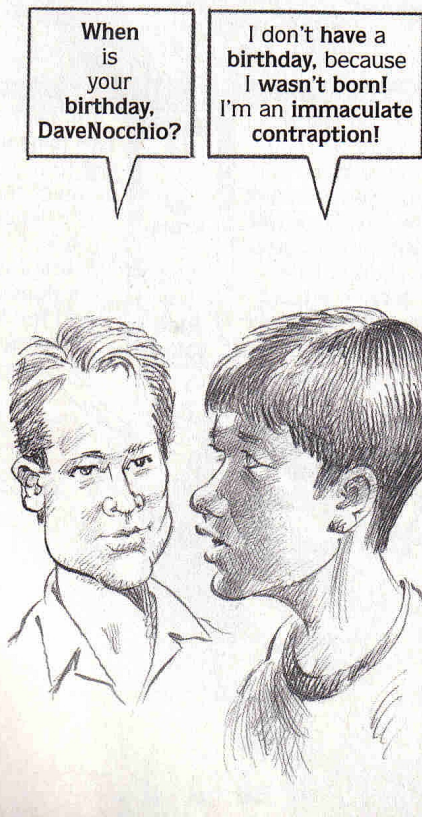
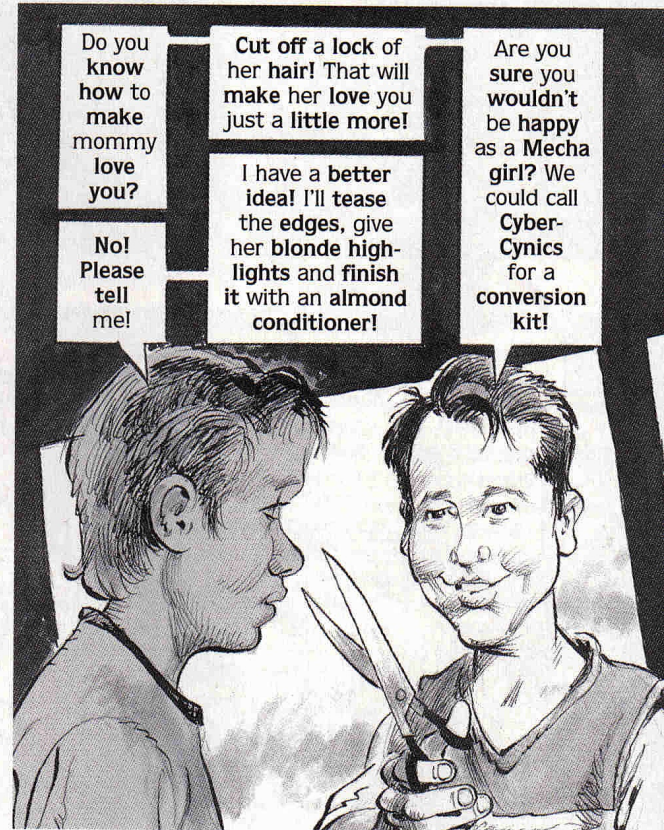
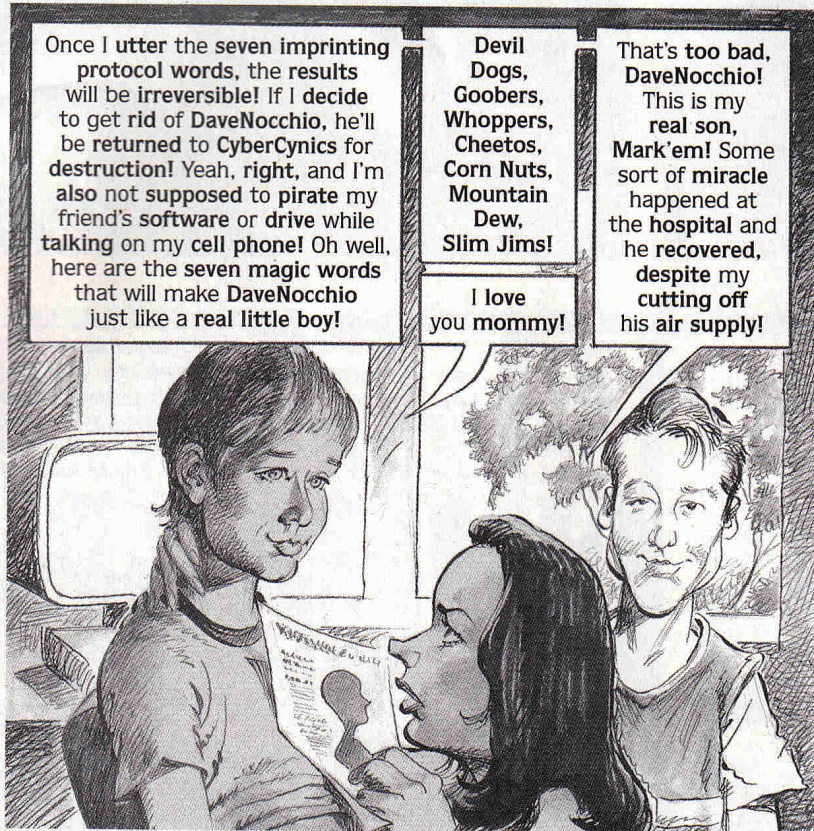
I'm Giggie-Low Joe! I'm handsome, I'm hot, and I'm an expert lover who can get it on several times a day! And I never fall asleep afterwards! Instead, I want to cuddle! That's the dead giveaway to women that I'm a robot and not a real man!

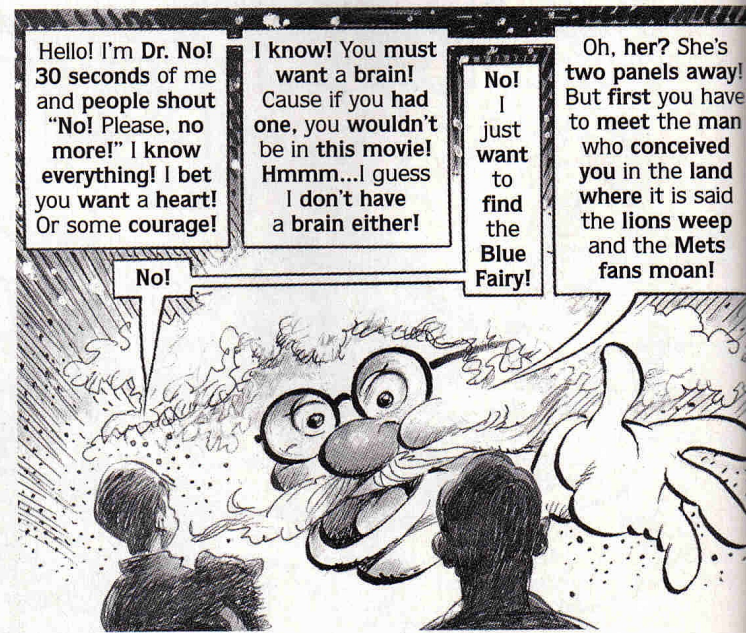
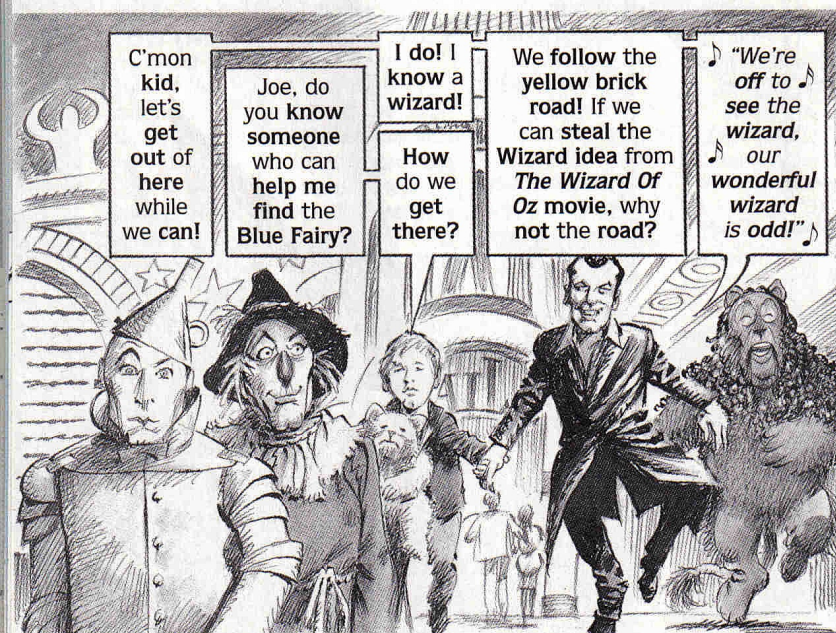
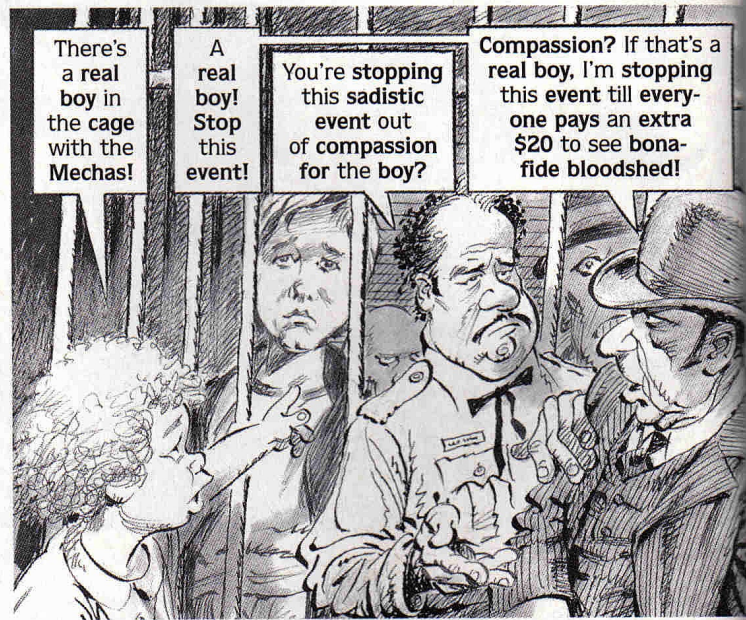
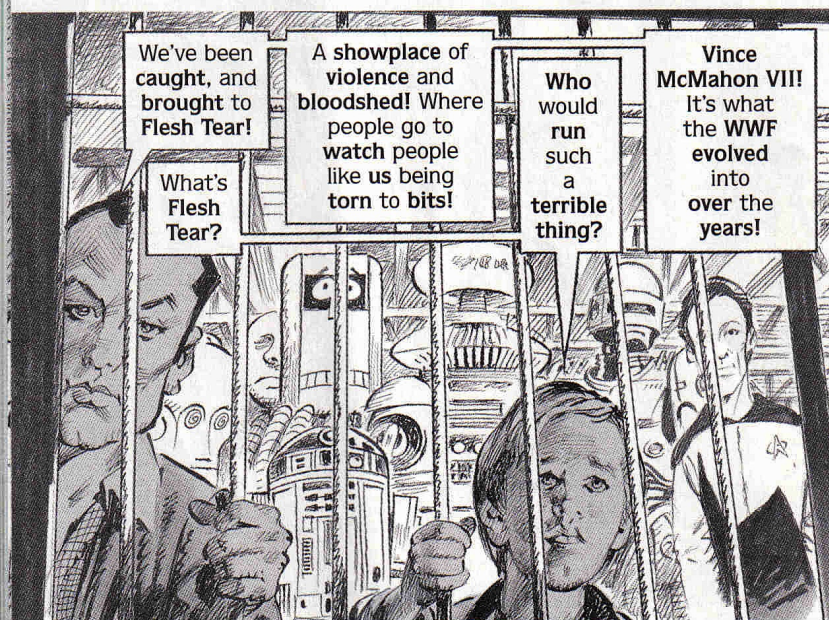
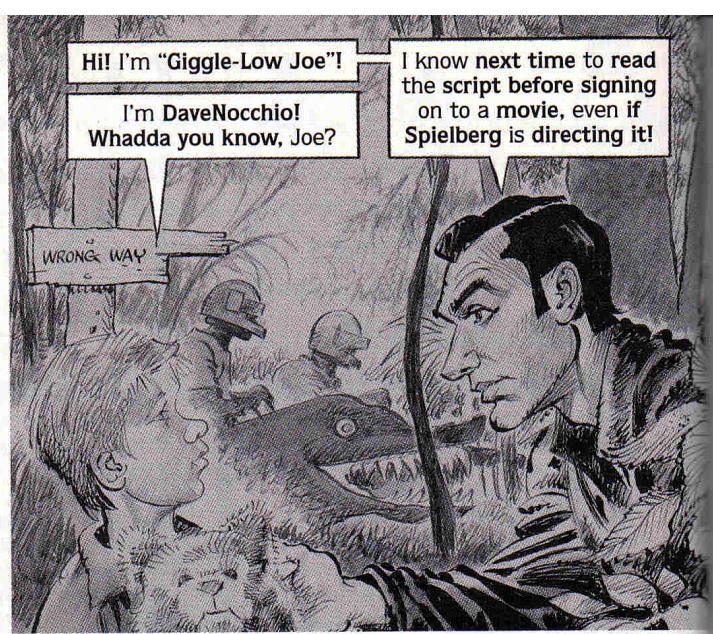
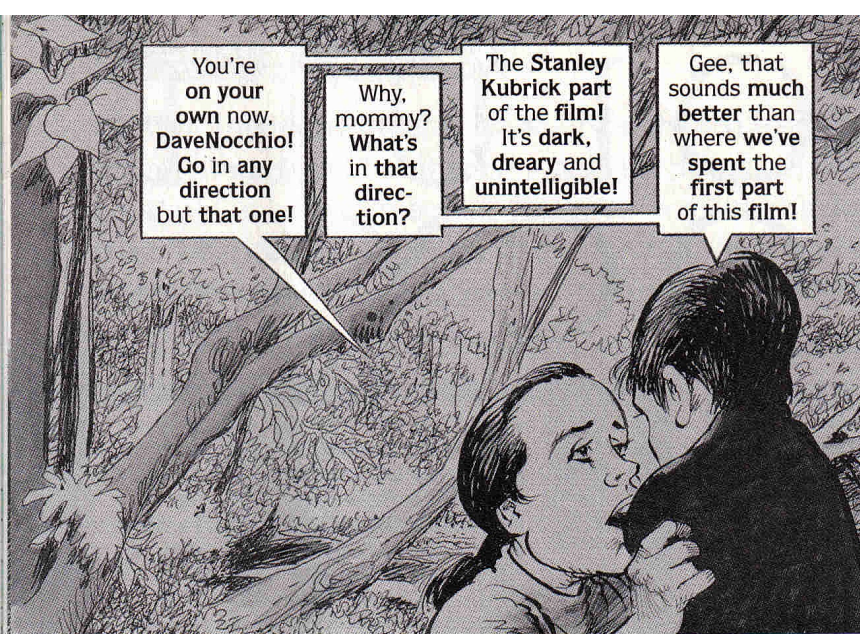
I'm Mark'em, the real, human son! But I'm in a coma, so I can't utter anything here! But I hope to recover in the next few panels to inject some life into this movie!

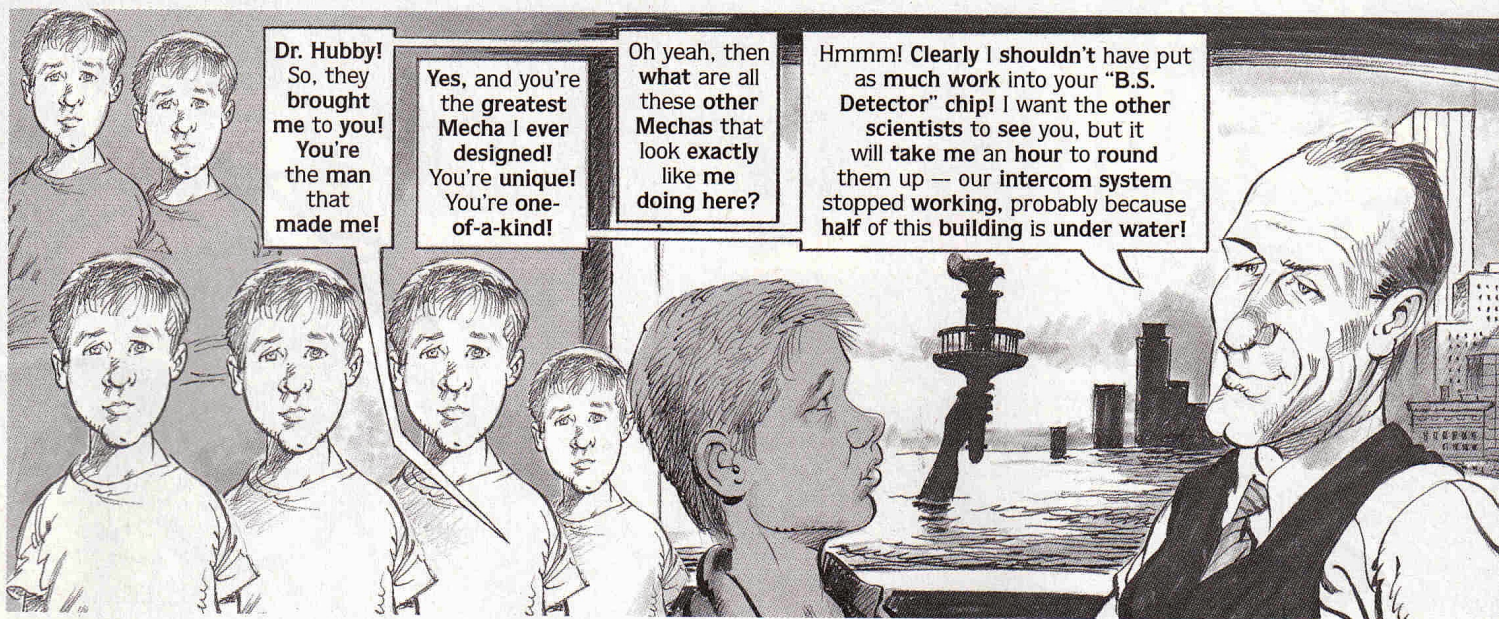
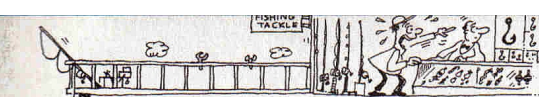
MAX K
ORT
DRUCKER
ROBOT

A.I. ABSOLUTE IDIOCY

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO





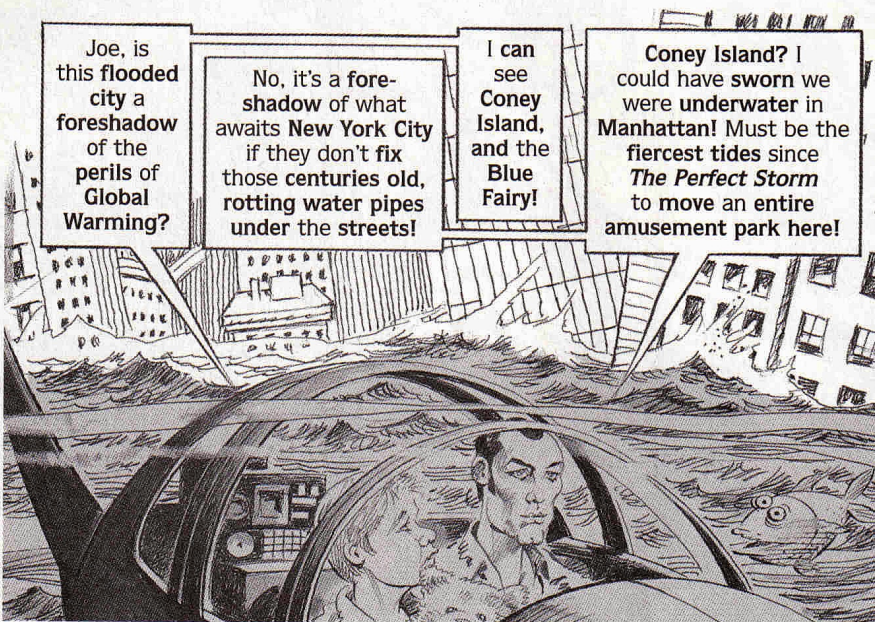


Dr. Hubby!
So, they
brought
me to you!
You're
the man
that
made me!

Yes, and you're
the greatest
Mecha I ever
designed!
You're unique!
You're one-
of-a-kind!

Oh yeah, then
what are all
these other
Mechas that
look exactly
like me
doing here?

Hmmm! Clearly I shouldn't have put
as much work into your "B.S.
Detector" chip! I want the other
scientists to see you, but it
will take me an hour to round
them up — our intercom system
stopped working, probably because
half of this building is under water!



Joe, is
this flooded
city a
foreshadow
of the
perils of
Global
Warming?

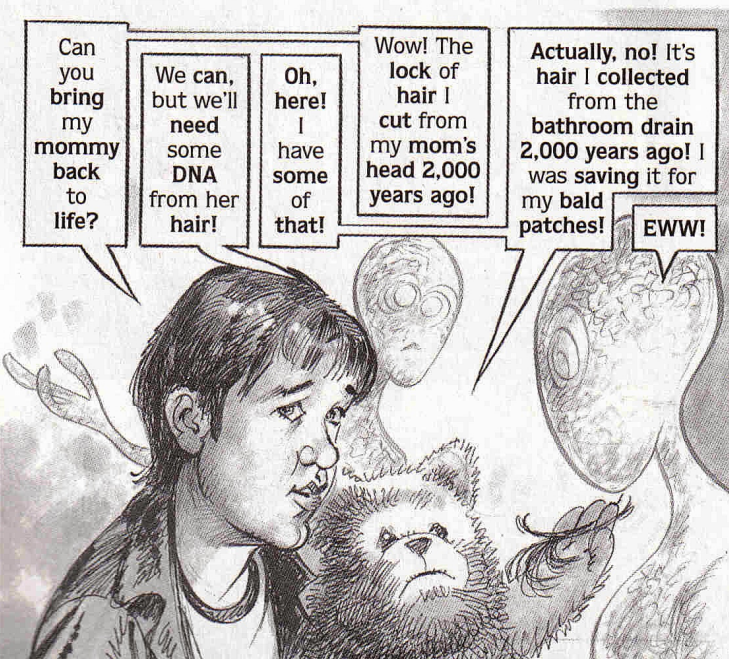
No, it's a fore-
shadow of what
awaits New York City
if they don't fix
those centuries old,
rotting water pipes
under the streets!

I can
see
Coney
Island,
and the
Blue
Fairy!

Coney Island? I
could have sworn we
were underwater in
Manhattan! Must be the
fiercest tides since
The Perfect Storm
to move an entire
amusement park here!



DaveNocchio prayed for the Blue Fairy to turn
him into a real boy until all the fish died and
the ocean froze over! And the audience prayed
they would get out before they too died!
What seemed like 2,000 years passed, for
those on the screen, and those watching the
screen! Finally his prayer was heard by weird
robots of the future, who looked liked beings
that we've had "close encounters" with before!



Can
you
bring
my
mommy
back
to
life?

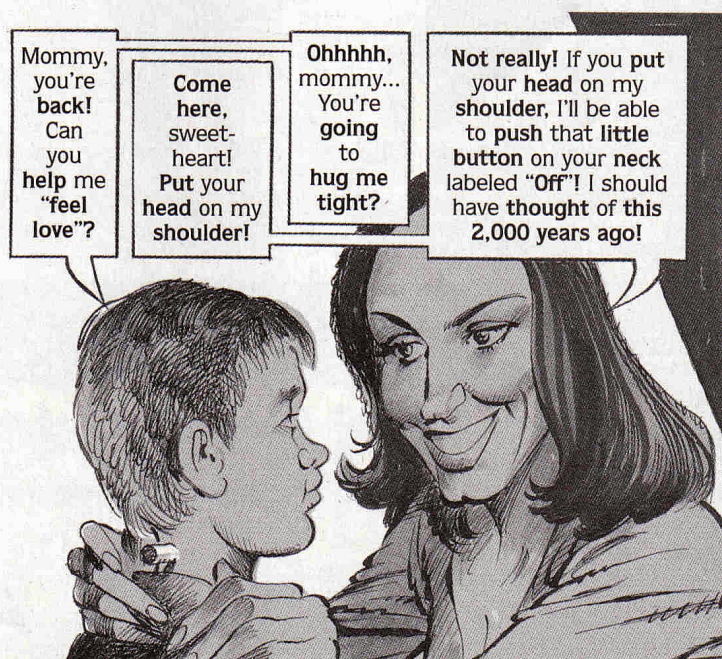
We can,
but we'll
need
some
DNA
from her
hair!

Oh,
here!
I
have
some
of
that!

Wow! The
lock of
hair I
cut from
my mom's
head 2,000
years ago!

Actually, no! It's
hair I collected
from the
bathroom drain
2,000 years ago! I
was saving it for
my bald
patches!

EWV!



Mommy,
you're
back!
Can
you
help
me
"feel
love"?

Come
here,
sweet-
heart!
Put your
head on my
shoulder!

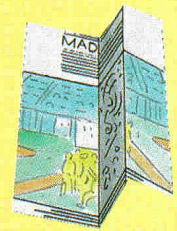
Ohhhhh,
mommy...
You're
going
to
hug me
tight?

Not really! If you put
your head on my
shoulder, I'll be able
to push that little
button on your neck
labeled "Off"! I should
have thought of this
2,000 years ago!

**WHAT
HISTORICALLY
GREAT TEAM
HAS STUMBLLED
BADLY IN THE
LAST YEAR?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

The ability to sustain a winning season each year is difficult at best. The players have to stay at the top of their game and the calls have to go in their favor. All it takes is one snag for everything to come tumbling down. This year a historically great team suffered through some very bad times. To find out who this team is, fold page in as shown.



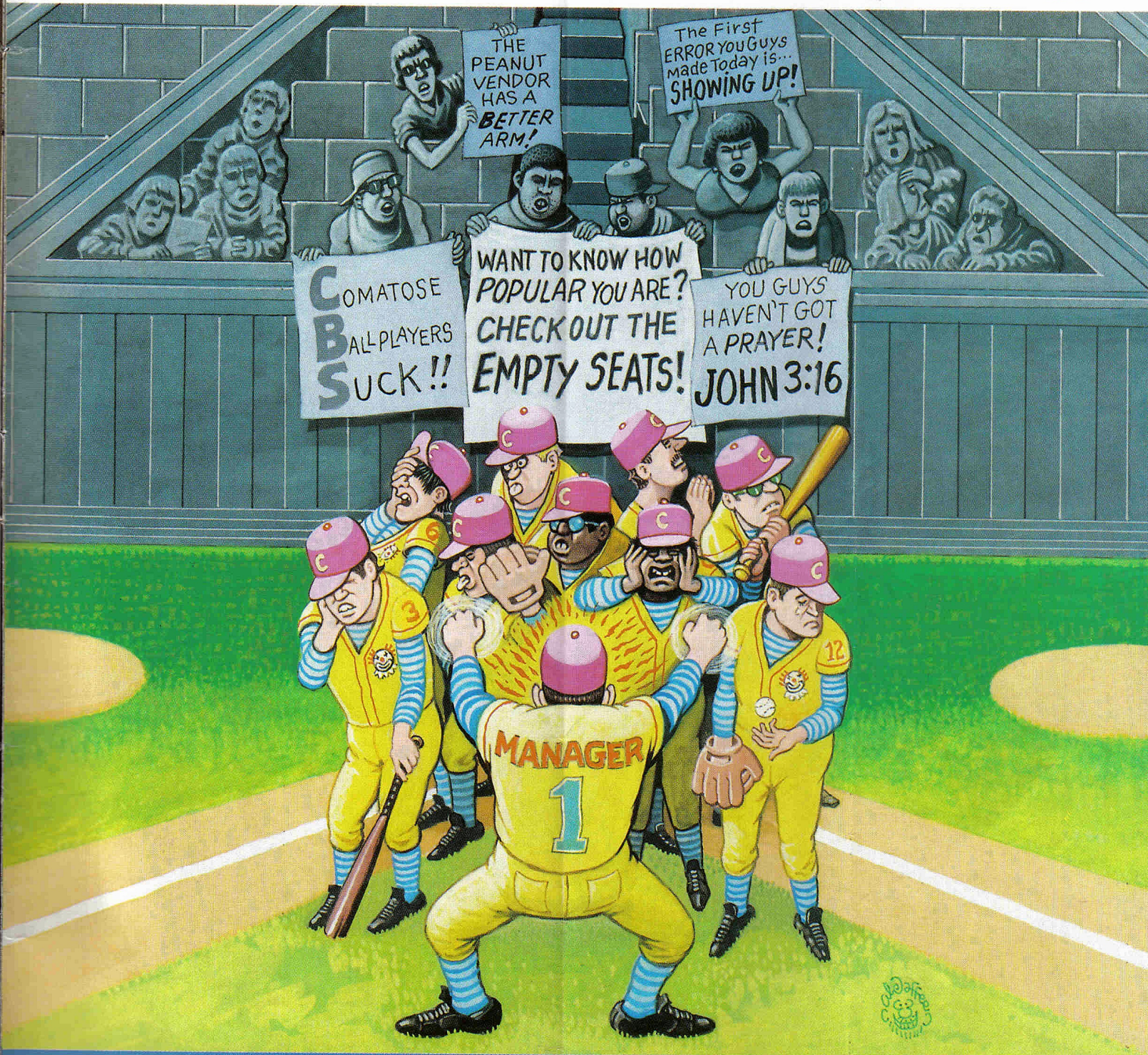
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**THE SUPPOSED EXCELLENCE OF THIS TEAM IS UNDER EXTREME
PRESSURE LATELY. BUT NO ONE THOUGHT THEY
COULD LET THEIR IMAGE FALL SO COMPLETELY APART**

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B